

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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No. 202.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

BELZONI'S WORK ON EGYPT.

Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations, in Egypt and Nubia; and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of the ancient Berenice; and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By G. Belzoni. London, 1820. 4to. pp. 483. Plates separate, 44 in number, at the price of Six Guineas!

There is a character in one of our modern comedies, whose prominent merit it is to be everlastingly in action, and calling out to those around him to "Push on; keep moving!" We frequently fancy that we bear some resemblance to Young Rapid; for we are whirled about all quarters of the world with inconceivable speed, now freezing at the Pole, now burning at the Line; now savage, now civilized in our range; now among the Iroquois, now in Paris; now at the Brazils, now in Africa (inasmuch that our page, like Puck, puts a girdle about the earth in forty minutes); and we are sure that if we could collect our crowd of readers about us bodily, we should be jogging them prodigiously with our elbows, and bawling out "Push on, push on!" and "Keep moving!"

Yet with all our celerity and locomotion, we cannot so far overtake the bulky publication of which the title-page heads this column, as to pronounce entirely upon its merits; and we shall therefore refrain from doing so till we have had time to compare it with preceding works on the same subjects. We have however seen enough of it to be able to state that it is, *per se*, a very curious and attractive performance, both with reference to antiquities and to the modern manners and customs of the people among whom the traveller pursued his researches.

These researches occupied the years 1815, 16, 17, 18, and 19; and seem to have been prosecuted with infinite spirit and perseverance, though unfortunately left uncompleted in consequence of the author's being driven from Egypt through the jealousy and intrigues of parties adverse to him and his plans.

As the public is generally desirous of VOL. IV.

knowing something of the person whose labours interest it, we may state that Belzoni in his Preface (after allowing due praise to Denon, Hamilton, and Burekhardt), informs us that he is of a Roman family, and a native of Padua: that he was driven from his country, where he intended to become a monk, by the troubles in 1800, since which time he has travelled much and met with many vicissitudes. In 1803 he came to England, married, and resided here nine years. He then, taking his wife with him, went to Portugal, Spain, Malta, and finally to Egypt in 1815. The fruits of his toils in discovering antiquities, in opening two of the pyramids of Ghizeh, several tombs of kings at Thebes (one supposed to be that of Psammuthis, an Egyptian monarch who lived nearly 400 years before Christ), and also the temple of Ybsambul, near the second cataract of the Nile,—besides the journey to the coast of the Red Sea, and the Western Elloah or Oasis, he now submits to the judgment of his contemporaries, certainly at a period when travel and information has qualified many of them to decide with justice on his merits and errors.

There is an ample table of contents, and a lithographic portrait of the author by Hullmandel prefixed to the volume. It affords a good idea of his bearded countenance and remarkable person;—for Belzoni is among the giants of our times, being several inches above six feet in height, and proportionally stout and well formed. We have been told, and it reflects the more honour upon him and his present station, that in his earlier days in London, this athletic strength and noble appearance enabled him to exhibit in a suitable way at Astley's Amphitheatre—the compound Apollo and Hercules of the stage; and we dare to say that he found his imposing stature of still greater value to him among the Fellahs, Bedoweens, Arabs, and Nubians of the East. But it is now time to revert to his narrative.

Belzoni's first journey occupies about one third of the volume. He was absent from Cairo five months and a half, and ascended the Nile to the second cataract. In this expedition he secured the head of the Young Memnon at Thebes (now in the British Museum), and brought it back to Alexandria; made some progress in removing the sand from the Temple at Ybsambul; and obtained by excavation several valuable specimens of antiquity at Carnak.* But it will afford our readers a more perfect notion of

* It is a singular co-incidence, that our present Number contains an account of some remarkable antiquities in Britanny (see review of Mrs. Stothard's Tour) which are known by the same name—Carnac. What relation existed between the Egyptians and the Celts or Gauls? Ed.

his operations to follow his route, and intermingle the quotation of what is most worthy of notice with brief explanatory comments as we go on.

At Cairo Belzoni met Burekhardt; and he speaks very warmly of that kind, candid, and disinterested individual, who imparted much useful instruction to him. He also tells a longish story of a hydraulic project with which he entertained Mahomet Pasha, and which ended abortively. His other details respecting what happened at Cairo, are entertaining, but have no particular recommendation to extract. Having resolved to ascend the Nile, he relates the circumstances of his intercourse with Mr. Salt; and seems to wish it to be inferred that his labours were more independent of that gentleman than, on his own showing, we think they really were; for Mr. Salt's instructions to him, and supplying him with money, make him very clearly an agent rather than a principal.

The first subject of antiquarian interest that we come to is the Memnonian Bust. It is thus described in the Instructions alluded to, given to Belzoni at setting out.

"Having obtained the necessary permission to hire workmen, &c. Mr. Belzoni will proceed direct to Thebes. He will find the head referred to, on the western side of the river, opposite to Carnak, in the vicinity of a village called Gornou, lying on the southern side of a ruined temple, called by the natives Kossar el Dekaki. To the head is still attached a portion of the shoulders, so that altogether it is of large dimensions, and will be recognized,—1st, by the circumstance of its lying on its back with the face uppermost—2dly, by the face being quite perfect, and very beautiful—3dly, by its having, on one of its shoulders, a hole bored artificially, supposed to have been made by the French for separating the fragment of the body—and 4thly, from its being a mixed blackish and reddish granite, and covered with hieroglyphics on its shoulders. It must not be mistaken for another, lying in that neighbourhood, which is much mutilated."

Accordingly our traveller found it: he tells us on his arrival at Thebes.—

"As I entered these ruins, my first thought was to examine the colossal bust I had to take away. I found it near the remains of its body and chair, with its face upwards, and apparently smiling on me, at the thought of being taken to England. I must say, that my expectations were exceeded by its beauty, but not by its size. I observed, that it must have been absolutely the same statue as is mentioned by Norden, lying in his time with its face downwards, which must have been the cause of its preservation. I will not venture to assert who separated

the bust from the rest of the body by an explosion, or by whom the bust has been turned face upwards. The place where it lay was nearly in a line with the side of the main gateway into the temple; and, as there is another colossal head near it, there may have been one on each side of the doorway, as there are to be seen at Luxor and Carnak."

Belzoni left Boolak on the 30th of June, accompanied by his Amazonian wife, who when occasion required, stood forward pistol in hand as boldly as her husband, to resist the natives; James Curtin an Irish servant, an interpreter, and a Janizary. The navigation up the Nile is sufficiently known. At Giot they visited Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mahomet, of whom the following traits are recorded.

"Ibrahim Bashaw has latterly been the terror of the people. When an unfortunate sulpit was brought before him, after some few questions, he sent him to the Cady to be judged. This was the signal for taking him to a particular cannon, to the mouth of which he was tied; and it was then fired off, loaded with a ball, so that the body was scattered about in pieces at a considerable distance. In the case of two Arabs, who had killed a soldier, not without provocation, this Bashaw had them fastened to a pole, like two rabbits on a spit, and roasted alive at a slow fire. yet this man is now heir to the Government of Egypt on the death of Mahomet Ali."

On the 18th of July they reached Dendera, which Belzoni very cursorily examined, being anxious to proceed to his destination, Thebes, where he arrived on the 22nd, and landed at Luxor on the opposite bank.

The Cashief of Erments, the Governor of the Fellahs in this province, like all Turks, threw many obstacles in the way of his undertakings; but by management and perseverance he finally overcame them, and got men to work to remove the bust, which the natives called "*Cophony*." They commenced on the 27th, and by getting it towards the river at the rate of from 50 to 400 yards a day, it was safely placed in a situation ready to be embarked, by a singular coincidence, on the 12th of August, 'our king's birth-day.

Having accomplished this Herculean toil, Belzoni went to explore the site of a sarcophagus, which Dronetti the French Consul had discovered, and given him leave to remove if he could find means. The account of this gives so generally applicable a view of the tricks of the natives, that we copy it from the narrative.

"Next day, in the morning, according to my wish, some Arabs came to conduct me to the cave, where the sarcophagus was which Mr. Dronetti had attempted to take out, and had given to me as a present, if I could get it. I was conducted into one of those holes, that are scattered about the mountains of Gournou, so celebrated for the quantities of mummies they contain. The Janizary remained without, and I entered, with two Arabs and the interpreter.

Has this any reference to Phanas? Ed.

"Previous to our entering the cave, we took off the greater part of our clothes, and, each having a candle, advanced through a cavity in the rock, which extended a considerable length in the mountain, sometimes pretty high, sometimes very narrow, and without any regularity. In some passages we were obliged to creep on the ground, like crocodiles. I perceived, that we were at a great distance from the entrance, and the way was so intricate, that I depended entirely on the two Arabs, to conduct us out again. At length we arrived at a large space, into which many other holes or cavities opened; and after some consideration and examination by the two Arabs, we entered one of these, which was very narrow, and continued downward for a long way, through a craggy passage, till we came where two other apertures led to the interior in a horizontal direction. One of the Arabs then said 'This is the place.' I could not conceive how so large a sarcophagus, as it had been described to me, could have been taken through the aperture, which the Arab now pointed out. I had no doubt, but these recesses were burial-places, as we continually walked over skulls and other bones: but the sarcophagus could never have entered this recess; for it was so narrow, that on my attempt to penetrate it, I could not pass. One of the Arabs, however, succeeded, as did my interpreter; and it was agreed, that I and the other Arab should wait till they returned. They proceeded evidently to a great distance, for the light disappeared, and only a murmuring sound from their voices could be distinguished as they went on. After a few moments, I heard a loud noise, and the interpreter distinctly crying, '*O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! je suis perdu!*' After which, a profound silence ensued. I asked my Arab, whether he had ever been in that place? He replied, 'Never.' I could not conceive what could have happened, and thought the best plan was to return, to procure help from the other Arabs. Accordingly, I told my man to show me the way out again; but, staring at me like an idiot, he said he did not know the road. I called repeatedly to the interpreter, but received no answer: I watched a long time, but no one returned; and my situation was no very pleasant one. I naturally returned through the passages, by which we had come; and, after some time, I succeeded in reaching the place, where, as I mentioned, were many other cavities. It was a complete labyrinth, as all these places bore a great resemblance to the one which we first entered. At last seeing one, which appeared to be the right, we proceeded through it a long way; but by this time our candles had diminished considerably; and I feared, that, if we did not get out soon, we should have to remain in the dark: meantime it would have been dangerous to put one out, to save the other, lest that which was left should, by some accident, be extinguished. At this time we were considerably advanced towards the outside, as we thought; but to our sorrow we found the end of that cavity, without any outlet. Convinced that we were mistaken in our con-

jecture, we quickly returned towards the place of the various entries, which we strove to regain. But we were then as perplexed as ever, and were both exhausted from the ascents and descents, which we had been obliged to go over. The Arab seated himself, but every moment of delay was dangerous. The only expedient was, to put a mark at the place out of which we had just come, and then examine the cavities in succession, by putting also a mark at their entrance, so as to know where we had been. Unfortunately, our candles would not last through the whole; however, we began our operations.

"On the second attempt, when passing before a small aperture, I thought I heard the sound of something like the roaring of the sea at a distance. In consequence I entered this cavity; and as we advanced the noise increased, till I could distinctly hear a number of voices all at one time. At last, thank God, we walked out; and, to my no small surprise, the first person I saw was my interpreter. How he came to be there I could not conjecture. He told me, that, in proceeding with the Arab along the passage below, they came to a pit, which they did not see; that the Arab fell into it, and in falling put out both candles. It was then that he cried out, '*Mon Dieu! je suis perdu!*' as he thought he also should have fallen into the pit; but, on raising his head, he saw at a great distance a glimpse of daylight, towards which he advanced, and thus arrived at a small aperture. He then scraped away some loose sand and stones, to widen the place where he came out, and went to give the alarm to the Arabs, who were at the other entrance. Being all concerned for the man who fell to the bottom of the pit, it was their noise that I heard in the cave. The place by which my interpreter got out was instantly widened; and in the confusion the Arabs did not regard letting me see that they were acquainted with that entrance, and that it had lately been shut up. I was not long in detecting their scheme. The Arabs had intended to show me the sarcophagus, without letting me see the way by which it might be taken out, and then to stipulate a price for the secret. It was with this view they took me such a way round about.

"I found that the sarcophagus was not in reality a hundred yards from the large entrance. The man was soon taken out of the well, but so much hurt in one of his hips, that he went lame ever after."

Waiting for a boat from Cairo to carry away the Memnon, Belzoni determined to extend his voyage in the interim, up the Nile. He accordingly set out, was at Esne on the 18th of August; on the 20th at Edfu; and on the 22d at Ombos. At Edfu are the ruins of a superb temple, of which the author says—

"This temple may be compared with that of Tentyra in point of preservation, and is superior in magnitude. The propylaeon is the largest and most perfect of any in Egypt: it is covered on all sides with colossal figures of intaglio relevato, and contains several

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apartments in the interior, which receive light by square apertures in the side. We have here one of those curious subjects of inquiry which, in my opinion, have never yet been explained. These square holes, or windows, viewed from the inside of the chambers, appear to have been made for the purpose of giving light to these apartments, or to hold some particular ornaments or emblems, placed in them occasionally on festival days; consequently, it might be concluded that they were made at the same time with the building. Yet, on the outside, these very windows come in contact with the colossal figures which are sculptured on the walls; and part of these appear as if cut off where the windows have been made: so that, from the appearance on the outside, it is to be inferred, that these apertures were formed after the building was finished. For my own part, I think they were cut long after that period, and made to give light to the apartments, which were inhabited by people of a different religion from those who built the temple. The promaos is very wide, and is the only one to be seen in Egypt in such perfection, though completely encumbered with Arab huts. The portico is also magnificent; but, unfortunately, above three fourths of it covered with rubbish. Through some holes in the upper part of the sekos I entered the inner apartments: but they were so obstructed, that I could not proceed far. The Fellahs have built part of their village on the top of it, as well as stables for cattle, &c. The temple is surrounded by a high thick wall, which extends from each side of the propylæon, so as to inclose the whole building. Not only the temple, but every part of the wall, is covered with hieroglyphics and figures. On the side wall of the promaos I observed the figure of Harpocrates which is described by Mr. Hamilton, seated on a full-blown lotus, with his finger on his lips, as in the minor temple at Ten-tura; and on the west side of the wall is the figure of a unicorn. This is one of the few figures of beasts I observed in Egypt. The elephant is to be seen only in the entrance to the temple of Isis, in the island of Philoe: the horse, as a hieroglyphic, is on the northern exterior wall at Medinet Aboo; and the camelopard is on the wall of the sekos of the Memnonium, and on the back of the temple at Erment.

The boat got to Assouan on the 24th.
(Continuation in our next.)

Poems. By Thomas Gent. 12mo. pp. 155. London, 1820.

Having formerly put our opinion of Mr. Gent's poetical powers upon record, we are released from the duty of reiterating it upon the present occasion; and especially as several of the pieces here collected together have, under other forms, already received the humble mien of our applause, as well as the sanction of the most judicious of our contemporaries. The volume now published is a very varied and pleasing miscellany, in which the author moves from grave to gay with easy transition, displaying his com-

mand over both styles, and alternately charming us with sweet versification, and tickling our fancy with humorous facetiousness. There are more than fifty subjects, none of them of any great length; and therefore we speak of the work, not as mounting to the heights of Parnassus, but with reference to the character at which it aims, in playing on a spot of some elevation—on the brow of the hill, “the amusements of the leisure hours of a man whose fortune will not favour his inclination to devote himself to poetry.” In this point of view we cannot but admire the versatility of talent, the gracefulness in the serious, and the vivacity in the comic, which the writer has shown; and we shall endeavour to impress these sentiments upon our readers by quoting such of the poems as are most original, and best calculated to afford a fair criterion of the merits of the whole. It should also be our task to mention what defects occur to us:—but in truth we have so little fault to find with Mr. Gent, in the station where he claims a place, that we should but waste our time in minute criticism were we to enter upon the discussion. We could rather wish him to attempt a bolder flight; and then our closest endeavours shall not be wanting to bring him to a proper sense of any blunders he may commit. For the present, his modest pretensions and unassuming manners would disarm censure, even if he had not succeeded in setting his muse above the praise with which he assures us he will be contented.

In quoting these poems we cannot do better than commence with the introductory address.

’Tis sweet in boyhood’s visionary mood,
When glowing fancy, innocently gay,
Flings forth, like motes, her bright aerial brood,
To dance and shine in Hope’s prolific ray;
’Tis sweet, unawaking how the flight of years
May darkling roll in trials and in tears,
To dress the future in what garb we list,
And shape ten thousand joys that never may exist.

But he, sad wight! of all that feverish train,
Fool’d by those phantoms of the wizard brain,
Most mildly doats, when young ambition stings
To trust his weight upon poetic wings;
He downward looking in his airy ride,
Beholds Elysium bloom on every side;
Unearthly bliss each thrilling nerve attunes,
And thus the dreamer with himself communes.
Yes! Earth shall witness, ere my star be set,
That partial nature mark’d me for her pet;
That Phoebus doom’d me, kind indulgent sire!
To mount his car, and set the world on fire.
Fame’s steep ascent by easy flights to win,
With a neat pocket volume I’ll begin;
And dirge, and sonnet, ode, and epigram,
Shall show mankind how versatile I am.
The buskin’d Muse shall next my pen employ:
The boxes from their inmost rows shall sigh;
The pit shall weep, the galleries deplore:
Such moving woes as ne’er were heard before:
Enough—I’ll leave them in their soft hysterics,
Mount, in still brighter blaze, and dazzle with
Homeric.

Then, while my name runs ringing through
Reviews, I’ll show the public eye
And maids, wives, widows, smitten with my
Muse,

Assail me with platonic *billet-doux*.
From this suburban attic I’ll dismount,
With Counts or Barlays open an account;
Rang’d in my mirror, cards with bright gilt
ends,
Shall show the whole nobility my friends;
That happy host with whom I chafe to dine,
Shall make set parties, give his choicest wine;
And age and infancy shall gaze to see
Whence or I walk the street, and whisper
is he!

Poor youth! he prints—and wakes, to sleep no
more, but no sleep shall I know.
The world goes on, indifferent, as before;
And the first notice of his metric skill
Comes in the likeness of—his printer’s bill;
To pen soft notes no fair enthusiast stirs,
Except his laureates and who values hers?
None but herself: for tho’ the hard may burn
Her nose, she still expects one in return.
The luckless maiden, all unblest shall sigh:
His pocket *tonic* hath drawn his pocket dry.
His tragedy expires in peals of laughter;
And that soul-thrilling wail—to live hereafter,—
Gives way to one as hopeless quite, I fear,
And far more needful—how to *live* while here.
Where are ye now, divine illusions all!
Cheques, dinners, wines, adulterers great and
small!
Chang’d to two followers, terrible to see,
Who dog him where he walks, and whisper
“That is he!”

“The State Secret,” is another short and lively effort.

AN IMPROMPTU.
“Murder will out!”—and so will truth some
times;
For once I’ll prove it in a dozen lines.—

At one of those parties where Julia’s sweet face
Added interest to beauty, and archness to grace,
Where many fine folks met; and one very great,
Proud and stupid, an embryo Minister, sat;
Like a damper he came to put good-humour
out,
And it chanc’d that, as Julia’s pet-bird flew
about,
It presumptuously ‘lit on this mighty man’s
head;
When her love-laughing sister, sweet Eleanor,
said,
“Naughty bird! I must cage you for being so
rude,
On Lord ***** head, oh! how dare you
intrude!”
“Let it rest,” replied Julia, with an exquisite
grace,
“Don’t frighten it off—for it likes a soft place!”

We are also much pleased with the following Epigram:

AURI SACRA FAMES
I knew a being once, his peaked head
With a few lank and greasy hairs was spread;
His visage blue, in length was like your own
Seen in the convex of a table-spoon.
His mouth, or rather gash athwart his face,
To stop at either ear had just the grace,
A hideous rift: his teeth were all canine,
And just like Death’s (in Milton) was his grin.
One shilling, and one fourteen-penny leg,
(This shorter was than that, and not so big),
He had; and they, when meeting at his knees
An angle formed of ninety-eight degrees,
Nature, in scheming how his back to vary,
A hint had taken from the droimodary:
His eyes an inward, screwing vision threw,
Striving each other thro’ his nose to view.
His intellect was just one ray above

The idiot Cymon's ere he fell in love.
At school they Taraxippus called the wight;
The Misses, when they met him, shrieked with
fright.

But, spite of all that Nature had denied,
When sudden Fortune made the cub her pride,
And gave him twenty thousand pounds a-year,
Then from the pretty Misses you might hear,
"His face was not the finest, and, indeed,
He was a little, they must own, in-kneed;
His shoulders, certainly, were rather high,
But, then, he had a most expressive eye;
Nor were their hearts by outward charms inclined:
Gave them the higher beauties of the mind."

Of the author's tenderness, we select a
gem-like specimen.

TO MARY.

Oh! is there not in infant smiles
A witching power, a cheering ray,
A charm, that every care beguiles,
And bids the weary soul be gay?
There surely is—for thou hast been
Child of my heart, my peaceful dove,
Gladdening life's sad and chequer'd scene,
An emblem of the peace above.
Now all is calm, and dark, and still,
And bright the beam the moonlight throws
On ocean wave, and gentle rill,
And on thy slumbering cheek of rose.
And may no care disturb that breast,
Nor sorrow dim that brow serene;
And may thy latest years be blest
As thy sweet infancy has been.

There is much more that we wish to ex-
tract, but the above must suffice; and we
can only direct attention to the beautiful
lines written in Hornsey Wood (page 92),
the sweet stanzas to * * * * (page 117),
the *jeu d'esprit* entitled the Runaway (page
132);—public taste will discover many
other pieces deserving of eulogy.

Chev. Johnstone's Memoirs of the Re- bellion, in 1745-6, &c. 4to.

(Continued from our last.)

Instead of following up their success at
the battle of Falkirk, the Jacobites wasted
their strength and time in an unwise and
fruitless siege of Stirling Castle. Hence
the author educes the ruin of their cause,
and apparently on good grounds. After this,
the Prince, as is well known, marched to
the north; and Mr. Johnstone gives a
more probable account than we have before
seen of the attempt of Lord Loudon with
1500 men from Inverness, to surprise him
at Moy.

"On the 16th, the Prince slept at Moy, a
castle belonging to the chief of the clan of
Mackintosh, about two leagues from Inver-
ness. Lord Loudon, lieutenant-general, in
the service of King George, and colonel of
a regiment of Highlanders, being at Inverness,
with about two thousand regular troops, the
Prince intended to wait the arrival of the
other column, before approaching nearer to
that town. In the mean time, Lord Loudon
formed the project of seizing by surprise the
person of the Prince, who could have no sus-
picion of any attempt of the kind, conceiv-
ing himself in perfect security at Moy; and
his Lordship would have succeeded in this
design, but for the intervention of that in-
visible Being who frequently chuses to mani-

fest his power in overturning the best con-
trived schemes of feeble mortals. His Lord-
ship, at three o'clock in the afternoon,
posted guards, and a chain of centinels, all
round Inverness, both within and without
the town, with positive orders not to suffer
any person to leave it, on any pretext what-
ever, or whatever the rank of the person
might be. He ordered, at the same time,
fifteen hundred men to hold themselves in
readiness to march at a moment's warning;
and having assembled this body of troops
without noise, and without alarming the in-
habitants, he put himself at their head, and
instantly set off, planning his march so as to
arrive at the castle of Moy about eleven
o'clock at night.

"Whilst some English officers were drink-
ing in the house of Mrs. Baillie, an innkeeper
in Inverness, and passing the time till the
hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl
of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who
happened to wait on them, paid great atten-
tion to their conversation, and, from certain
expressions dropped from them, she disco-
vered their designs. As soon as this gene-
rous girl was certain as to their intentions,
she immediately left the house, escaped from
the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of
the centinels, and immediately took the road
to Moy, running as fast as she was able,
without shoes or stockings, which, to accele-
rate her progress, she had taken off, in order
to inform the Prince of the danger that men-
aced him. She reached Moy, quite out of
breath, before Lord Loudon; and the Prince,
with difficulty, escaped in his robe de chambre,
night-cap, and slippers, to the neighbouring
mountains, where he passed the night in
concealment. This dear girl, to whom the
Prince owed his life, was in great danger of
losing her own, from her excessive fatigue on
this occasion; but the care and attentions
she experienced restored her to life, and her
health was at length re-established. The
Prince, having no suspicion of such a daring
attempt, had very few people with him in the
castle of Moy.

"As soon as the girl had spread the
alarm, the blacksmith of the village of Moy
presented himself to the Prince, and assured
His Royal Highness that he had no occasion
to leave the castle; as he would answer for
it, with his head, that Lord Loudon and his
troops would be obliged to return faster
than they came. The Prince had not suf-
ficient confidence in his assurances to neglect
seeking his safety by flight to the neighbour-
ing mountains. However, the blacksmith, for
his own satisfaction, put his project in ex-
ecution. He instantly assembled a dozen of
his companions, and advanced with them
about a quarter of a league from the castle,
on the road to Inverness. There he laid an
ambuscade, placing six of his companions,
on each side of the highway, to wait the
arrival of the detachment of Lord Loudon,
enjoining them not to fire till he should tell
them, and then not to fire together, but one
after another. When the head of the de-
tachment of Lord Loudon was opposite the
twelve men; about eleven o'clock in the
evening, the blacksmith called out with a

loud voice, "Here come the villains, who
intend carrying off our Prince; fire, my
lads, do not spare them; give no quarter!"
In an instant muskets were discharged from
each side of the road, and the detachment,
seeing their project had taken wind, began to
fly in the greatest disorder, imagining that
our whole army was lying in wait for them.
Such was their terror and consternation, that
they did not stop till they reached Inverness.
In this manner did a common blacksmith,
with twelve of his companions, put Lord
Loudon and fifteen hundred regular troops to
flight. The sifter of his Lordship, who
happened to be at the head of the detach-
ment, was killed by the first discharge; and
the detachment did not wait for a second."

But the history of the rendezvous at
Ruthven, after the defeat at Culloden, is the
most interesting part of the work.

"I arrived, (says the writer) on the
18th, at Ruthven, which happened, by
chance, to become the rallying point of
our army, without having been previously
fixed on. There I found the Duke of
Athol, Lord George Murray, the Duke of
Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord Ogil-
vie, and many other chiefs of clans, with
about four or five thousand Highlanders,
all in the best possible dispositions for re-
newing hostilities and taking their revenge.
The little town of Ruthven is about eight
leagues from Inverness, by a road through
the mountains, very narrow, full of tre-
mendously high precipices, where there are
several passes which a hundred men could
defend against ten thousand, by merely roll-
ing down rocks from the summit of the
mountains.

"Lord George Murray, immediately dis-
patched people to guard the passes, and at the
same time sent off an aid-de-camp to inform
the Prince, that a great part of his army was
assembled at Ruthven; that the Highlanders
were full of animation and ardour, and eager
to be led against the enemy; that the Grants,
and other Highland clans, who had, till then,
remained neuter, were disposed to declare
themselves in his favour, seeing the inevi-
table destruction of their country from the
proximity of the victorious army of the
Duke of Cumberland; that all the clans who
had received leave of absence, would assem-
ble there in the course of a few days; and that,
instead of five or six thousand men, the
whole of the number present at the battle of
Culloden, from the absence of those who
had returned to their homes and of those
who had left the army on reaching Culloden,
on the morning of the 16th, to go to sleep,
he might count upon eight or nine thousand
men at least, a greater number than he had
had at any time in his army. Every body
earnestly intreated the Prince to come im-
mediately, and put himself at the head of
this force.

"We passed the 19th at Ruthven, without
any news from the Prince. All the High-
landers were cheerful, and full of spirits to a
degree perhaps never before witnessed in an
army so recently beaten, expecting, with im-
patience, every moment the arrival of the
Prince; but, on the 20th, Mr. Macleod, Lord

George's aid-de-camp, who had been sent to him, returned with the following laconic answer; "Let every man seek his safety in the best way he can!"—an inconsiderate answer, heart breaking to the brave men who had sacrificed themselves for him. However critical our situation, the Prince ought not to have despaired. On occasions when every thing is to be feared, we ought to lay aside fear; when we are surrounded with dangers, no danger ought to alarm us. With the best plans we may fail in our enterprises; but the firmness we display in misfortune is the noblest ornament of virtue. This is the manner in which a Prince ought to have conducted himself, who, with an unexampled rashness, landed in Scotland with only seven men.

"We were masters of the passes between Ruthven and Inverness, which gave us sufficient time to assemble our adherents. The clan of Macpherson of Clunie, consisting of five hundred very brave men, besides many other Highlanders, who had not been able to reach Inverness before the battle, joined us at Ruthven; so that our numbers increased every moment, and I am thoroughly convinced that, in the course of eight days, we should have had a more powerful army than ever, capable of re-establishing, without delay, the state of our affairs, and of avenging the barbarous cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland. But the Prince was inexorable and immovable in his resolution of abandoning his enterprize, and terminating in this inglorious manner an expedition, the rapid progress of which had fixed the attention of all Europe." Unfortunately, he had nobody to advise with but Sir Thomas Sheridan, and other Irishmen, who were altogether ignorant of the nature and resources of the country, and the character of the Highlanders; and who had nothing to lose, but, on the contrary, a great deal to gain on arriving in France, where several of them have since laid the foundations of their fortunes.

"Our separation at Ruthven was truly affecting. We bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be his fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations; the tears flowed down their cheeks when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the point of being plundered; whilst they and their children would be reduced to slavery, and plunged, without resource, into a state of remediless distress.

"An accident which took place at Inverness, some days after the battle, might have proved very advantageous to us, if the Prince had joined us at Ruthven. A young gentleman of the name of Forbes, related to Lord Forbes, and a cadet in an English regiment, having abandoned his colours to join the Prince, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, and was hanged at Inverness, without any distinction, amongst the other deserters. Whilst the body of Forbes was still suspended from the gibbet, a brutal and vulgar English officer plunged his sword into his body, and swore that "all his countrymen were traitors

and rebels like himself." A Scots officer, who heard the impertinence of this Englishman, immediately drew his sword, and demanded satisfaction for the insult done to his country; and, whilst they fought, all the officers took part in the quarrel, and swords were drawn in every direction. The soldiers, at the same time, of their own accord, beat to arms, drew up along the streets, the Scots on one side and the English on the other, beginning a very warm combat with fixed bayonets. The Duke of Cumberland happening to be out of town, information was immediately conveyed to him, and he hastened to the scene of action before this warfare had made much progress. He addressed himself immediately to the Scots, whom he endeavoured to mollify by the high compliments he paid them. He told them that, whenever he had had the honour of commanding them, he had always experienced their fidelity and attachment to his family, as well as their courage and exemplary conduct: and he succeeded at length in appeasing them.

"Thus did Prince Charles begin his enterprize with seven men, and abandon it at a moment he might have been at the head of as many thousands: preferring to wander up and down the mountains alone, exposed every instant to be taken and put to death by detachments of the English troops, sent by the Duke of Cumberland in pursuit of him, and who followed him closely, often passed quite near him, and from whom he escaped as if by miracle, to putting himself at the head of a body of brave and determined men, of whose fidelity and attachment he was secure, and all of whom would have shed the last drop of their blood in his defence. Indeed this was now the only means of saving themselves from the scaffold, and their families from being slaughtered by a furious, enraged, and barbarous soldiery. The Highlands are full of precipices, and passes through mountains, where only one person can proceed at a time, and where a thousand men can defend themselves against a hundred thousand, for years; and as it abounds with horned cattle, of which they sell above one hundred thousand yearly to the English, provisions would not have been wanting. But this partisan warfare it would only have been necessary to adopt as a last resource; for I am morally certain that, in the course of ten or twelve days, we should have been in a condition to return to Inverness, and fight the Duke of Cumberland on equal terms. Whenever I reflect on this subject, I am always astonished that Lord George Murray, and the other chiefs of clans, did not resolve to carry on this mountain-warfare themselves, for their own defence; as nothing can be more certain than what was said by a celebrated author, that, in a revolt, "when we draw the sword we ought to throw away the scabbard." There is no medium; we must conquer or die. This would have spared much of the blood which was afterwards shed on the scaffold in England, and would have prevented the almost total extermination of the race of Highlanders, which has since taken place, either from the policy of

the English government, the emigration of their families to the colonies, or from the numerous Highland regiments, which have been often cut to pieces, and renewed during the last war.

"Prince Charles, for several months, was hotly pursued by detachments of English troops; and so very near were they frequently to him, that he had scarcely quitted a place before they arrived at it. Sometimes he was wholly surrounded by them. The Duke of Cumberland never failed to say to the commanders of these detachments, at the moment of their departure, "make no prisoners: you understand me." They had particular instructions to stab the Prince, if he fell into their hands; but Divine wisdom frustrated the atrocious and barbarous designs and pursuits of the sanguinary Duke, whose officers and their detachments, his executioners, inflicted more cruelties on the brave but unfortunate Highlanders, than would have been committed by the most ferocious savages of Canada. The generous and heroic action of Mr. Roderic Mackenzie contributed greatly to save the Prince from those blood-thirsty assassins.

"Mr. Mackenzie, a gentleman of good family in Scotland, had served, during the whole expedition, in the life-guards of Prince Charles. He was of the Prince's size, and, to those who were not accustomed to see them together, might seem to resemble him a little. Mackenzie happened to be in a cabin with the Prince, and two or three other persons, when, all of a sudden, they received information that they were surrounded by detachments of English troops, advancing from every point, as if they had received positive information that the Prince was in this cabin. The Prince was asleep at this moment, and was awakened for the purpose of being informed of his melancholy fate, namely, that it was morally impossible for him to save his life. He answered, "Then we must die like brave men, with swords in our hands."—"No, my Prince," replied Mackenzie; "resources still remain; I will take your name, and face one of these detachments. I know what my fate will be; but whilst I occupy it, your Royal Highness will have time to escape." Mackenzie darted forward with fury, sword in hand, against a detachment of fifty men, and on falling, covered with wounds, he exclaimed aloud, "You know not what you have done!—I am your Prince, whom you have killed!" after which he instantly expired. They cut off his head, and carried it, without delay, to the Duke of Cumberland, nobody doubting that it was the head of Prince Charles. And the barbarous Duke, having now, as he thought, obtained the head of the Prince, the great object of his wishes, set off next day for London, with this head packed up, in his post-chaise.

We find that we cannot conveniently do justice to our review of this work as we purposed, without extending it into another Number; and we shall therefore, once more bring it before our readers.

(To be concluded in our next)

BRITANNY.

Our four preceding numbers have so sufficiently exemplified Mrs. Stothard's tour, that we shall now leave it to the public, with very little further notice. We have already said, that the embellishments are beautifully executed; and the text must have impressed its own character on our readers before they arrived at this page. A little correction would have rendered the style more worthy of praise, and it would have added to the excellence of the volume had the gossipy comparisons between the French and English stage and actors been omitted, some of the remarks on Paris retrenched as trite, and a piece of sensibility about a nosegay-seller of that sentimental and heartless capital, utterly suppressed, as in bad taste and out of keeping with the rest of the work.

We imagine that the fair authoress has made a mistake at p. 45, where she speaks so highly of Guérin's picture in the Luxembourg;—when we saw the fine production of that artist, it was not "Telemachus relating his adventures to Calypso," but Eneas and Dido. We never heard of the other *chef d'œuvre*.

The following anecdote corroborates an old observation. At Eu, Mrs. S. writes—

"In the chamber adjoining mine, separated only by a partition so thin that I could hear every sound, a monsieur, who, I find, unites the professions of tailor and *maître d'agrémens*, was instructing a little girl, daughter of our *maîtresse d'hôtel*, in the art of dancing. They jumped so intolerably, that the floor shook at every step. The loud voice of the master rose higher than that [voice] of his violin; and his encouraging expressions to his pupil were so truly diverting, that I could not avoid listening to them:—*Tournez, Mademoiselle—tournez les yeux vers les cieux.* A Frenchman's expressions are always upon the grand scale, as Sterne long since remarked: but what, thought I, can a dancing-master have to do with the eyes of his scholar; a plain Englishman would not have carried his instructions beyond the management of the feet, or the arms, at most; but in France the effect which the execution of a thing is to produce, is as much considered as the thing itself: so I imagine, therefore, the management of the eyes is of no small importance in the art of dancing. I was confirmed in my conjecture; for the master dismissed his little pupil with the encouraging exclamation of '*Allez vous-en jolie mignonne, tu seras coquette un jour.*'"

We dare say the prediction would be verified if the lady lived. But we have been profuse in our anecdotes from this volume, and need now to exhibit one or two of its antiquities. The subjoined extract serves our purpose.

"The journey from Josselin to Hennebion lies through a very agreeable country. We passed in our way the abominable and dirty town of Locméné, whence we continued our route till we came to Baud. There the horses rested, and taking a little ragged Breton for our guide, we proceeded to view a curious piece of antiquity in the neighbour-

hood. Descending a steep hill, through a wild and beautiful wood, thickly sown with beech and chestnut trees, we passed by a copse, and at length arrived at the summit of a gentle eminence, where, placed upon a pedestal, stands a naked female figure, carved in stone, with a kind of stole about her neck; the workmanship is extremely rude and barbarous. This figure, together with a large reservoir, or stone bath, was found in the side of the hill called *Castinet*, near Baud. It is, most probably, a Celtic remnant, and bears a strong resemblance, in its general character, to Egyptian works. On the base of the pedestal are several modern inscriptions, one of them styling this figure the *Vénus of Armorica*."

But the most remarkable remains are at Carnac; and the following is a very interesting account of them:

"We hired a cabriolet, and left Auray early this morning; besides the driver, a man accompanied us, who walked by the side of the voiture, in order to render his assistance in preventing it from being upset by the large, loose and broken rocks that strewed the way, and lie in confused heaps about the road. After travelling three leagues through a desolate and wild country, we arrived at a spot about a mile from the sea-shore, where this curious Celtic antiquity remains a monument at once of the power and insufficiency of man; for his own stupendous work has long outlived all memory of its founder or its history. Carnac is infinitely more extensive than Stone Henge, but of a ruder formation; the stones are much broken, fallen down, and displaced; they consist of *eleven rows*, of unwrought pieces of rock or stone, merely set up an end in the earth, without any pieces crossing them at top. These stones are of great thickness, but not exceeding nine or twelve feet in height; there may be some few fifteen feet. The rows are placed from fifteen to eighteen paces from each other; extending in length (taking rather a semicircular direction) above half a mile, on unequal ground, and towards one end upon a hilly site. The semicircular direction was probably accidental; as, from their situation, it was not possible to see all the ground at once, in order to range them in a straight line. When the length of these rows is considered, there must have been nearly three hundred stones in each, and there are eleven rows: this will give you some idea of the immensity of the work, and the labour such a construction required. It is said that there are above four thousand stones now remaining. We remarked three *tumuli*,—probably the graves of chiefs; they are formed of large stones placed upon each other, on a raised bed of earth. In some places the irregular line of the work is broken, by the ground having been cleared for fields; in others stones that have fallen were broken up and carried away for building. More injury has, perhaps, been done to this stupendous Celtic work by the hand of man than by that of time. The place was peculiarly well chosen for obtaining materials to construct such a monument, as the ground for miles round is

full of rock. We could gain no information from the people, relative to any thing that might have been found; for, in answer to whatever we said to the peasantry, we received replies in the Breton tongue, of which we could only articulately distinguish the word *guedic*; and this was repeated whenever we accosted them. I have been informed by a priest, but I know not how far it may be correct, that the word *Carnac* signifies literally, in the Breton language, a *field of flesh*; if this be the true meaning of the word, it would lead one to conjecture that these stones were placed in memory of some great battle, or as memorials in a common cemetery of the dead. The people have a singular custom whenever their cattle are diseased, of coming amongst these stones, to pray to St. Cornelius for their recovery. Such a practice may be a remnant of Pagan superstition continued in Christian times; but, I must remark, that St. Cornelius is the patron saint of the neighbouring church."

"I cannot learn that the peasantry of this country have any traditions about Carnac; and I must here observe, that no relations or accounts, given either by the poor or more enlightened people of Brittany can be relied upon."

The engraving illustrative of these antiquities, helps the reader to a perfect idea of them.

We are sorry that, owing to its length, we cannot find room for the best description of the famous Bayeux Tapestry which has yet been published. A later but curious specimen of the same sort of performance at Saumur is thus described:

"The church of St. Pierre, an ancient and interesting building, contains the curious tapestry, representing the adventures of St. Florent. This work was executed in the fifteenth century; it is long and narrow, like the tapestry of Bayeux. Florent and Florian were brothers and soldiers, who professed Christianity, and who hearing that several persons of the same faith were about suffering martyrdom at Lauriach, they resolved to hasten to them, in the hope of affording consolation to their distress. The brothers were seized during their journey, and condemned to death. These unfortunate prisoners being tied to a tree, a deep sleep overcame them and their guard, when an angel, appearing in a dream to St. Florent, he was directed to pass into Gaul, and, as soon as he awoke, found himself at liberty to depart. Amongst his miraculous adventures during the journey, it is recorded a boat carried him over the Rhine, without having a bottom to it, or any sails or oars. Upon arriving at a cave, near Mount Glonne, he found it filled by serpents, which he drove out with his prayers, and then established himself in their former residence. Some time after he chanced to meet an old blind woman, whose son had been drowned three days before. St. Florent bade her not despair, and immediately setting several strong fellows to work with their nets, they fished up the young man alive and well. The saint sent the youth to his mother, whose

eyes were immediately opened; no wonder; for surely the very hearing of such a miracle, would open the eyes of any one. This succession of Catholic wonders is worked upon the tapestry, and devoutly gazed at by the old women and little children, who burn their candle-ends in homage to the saint.

Near Saumur is the celebrated Abbey of Fontevraud, one of the grandest religious edifices in France, and of immense extent. It existed from the 11th century to 1793, when the revolution made it a prey, and despoiled it. This Abbey, where several of our early kings were buried, was founded by Robert D'Arbrissel, a Breton priest, famous for his success in preaching the first Crusade in the time of Pope Urban II. He also founded, orders of St. Madeleine for *femmes repenties*, and of St. John, for Monks.

"Towards the end of his career, he gave up the authority as superior, and invested it in the person of a beautiful lady named Petronille de Chemille, electing her Abbess of Fontevraud, and submitted both himself and all the convents to her supremacy. He died A. D. 1117, and was interred near the altar of the great church. His effigy, of white marble, was afterwards removed beneath a monument dedicated to his memory, by Louise de Bourbon, Abbess of Fontevraud in the year 1623. The modern tomb yet remains; but whether the revolutionists destroyed the effigy or not when they pillaged the monastery is uncertain: it no longer exists. After the death of Robert, the Pope refused him canonization, in consideration of the doubtful penance to which he frequently devoted himself previous to his dissolution; for it was the holy man's custom, to show how far spiritual contemplations had overcome all worldly feelings, to pass some hours of the night with two of the youngest and most beautiful nuns, who were enjoined to sleep, while the saint prayed by their side.

"It is remarkable that the costume of these monks and nuns never altered from the time of their first establishment, in the eleventh century, to that of their abolition in 1793. They were clothed by order of Robert D'Arbrissel, according to the prevailing dress of the time: the men wore black, covered by a long mantle, to which a cowl was attached; and, at the bottom of the garment, both in front and behind, appeared a small square piece of cloth, which bore the name of the *Robert*: the nuns were attired in a white petticoat of fine linen, with lawn sleeves nicely plaited; a black stomacher and belt completed the gown; the head was covered with a light black veil, and the feet by white stockings, and shoes; the extreme neatness of this costume received considerable embellishment from the full folds of the long and elegant black mantle that they wore during divine service."

The subjoined particulars are historically interesting, and with them we conclude our review.

"When Mr. S—— first visited France during the summer of 1816, he came direct

to Fontevraud, to ascertain if the royal effigies of our early kings, who were buried there, yet existed: subjects so interesting to English history were worthy of the enquiry. He found the abbey converted into a prison, and discovered, in a cellar belonging to it, the effigies of Henry the Second and his queen Eleanor of Guinee, Richard the First, and Isabella of Angouleme, the queen of John. The chapel, where the figures were placed before the Revolution, had been entirely destroyed; and these valuable effigies, then removed to the cellar, were subject to continual mutilation from the prisoners, who came twice in every day to draw water from a well. It appeared they had sustained some recent injury, as Mr. S—— found several broken fragments scattered around. He made drawings of the figures; and, upon his return to England, represented to our government the propriety of securing such interesting memorials from farther destruction. It was deemed advisable, if such a plan could be accomplished, to gain possession of them, that they might be placed, with the rest of our royal effigies, in Westminster Abbey. The English government failed in this, from the affair having passed through too political a channel. It is probable, that had an application been made in the first instance by the Prince Regent to Louis the Eighteenth, it would have proved successful; but it is fortunate that the application was made even in this manner, as it has served the purpose of securing these remains from total destruction.

"Henry the Second was the first English monarch buried at Fontevraud. His tomb was erected in the choir of the great church, according to his desire. His epitaph was as follows:—

Rex Henricus eram, mihi plurima regna subegi,
Multiplicique modo, duxque, comesque fui,
Cui satis ad votum non essent omnia terræ
Climata, terræ modo sufficit octo pedum.
Qui legis hæc, pensa discrimina mortis, et in me
Humani speculum conditionis habes
Sufficit huic stimulus cui non suffecerat orbis."

"In justice to the French hotels we have to state, that a respectable correspondent, who has travelled from 4 to 5000 miles in France, remarking on the imposition related by Mrs. S. as having been practised at Abbeville, assures us that though travelling in an English carriage, and dining in a private *salon*, he has seldom been charged for dinner more than five francs a head for his party—sometimes only four; never more than six; and this latter only when having sent a *courier en avant* (it being late at night), he had given extra trouble.—Respecting the *Table d'hôte*, he adds, "I have not often dined at one, but I understand that the price is never more than three francs for each person, which includes half a bottle of wine. In two places, at Lyons and Nismes, I paid this. In regard to Abbeville, where this imposition is related as having taken place, I beg to mention, that I have been there no fewer than six times; the last time I was there, which was about six weeks ago, my party was three in number, and, at the *Hôtel de l'Europe* (which I strenuously recommend to English travellers), we had, for our *déjeuner à la fourchette*, *polage au vermicelle*, two partridges, plenty of *cassolates de mouton pannée*, a tart, vegetables, fine fruit, confectionary, and coffee, with

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

From the Death of Egbert to the Accession of Alfred.

Egbert, to whose death our last Sketch, (*Literary Gazette* Number 200) brought down the early history of Britain, has been represented as the first sovereign who was crowned king of all England; but Mr. Turner, we think, completely disproves this tradition. Even his grandson Alfred signed himself king of only the West Saxons; and the father, who had not incorporated East Anglia, Mercia, or Northumbria, could not have assumed so comprehensive a title. In point of fact, Athelstan, who destroyed the Danish sovereignty, was the *primus Monarcha Anglorum*, as he is styled by Alured.

Ethelwulph, the successor of Egbert, did not prosecute his father's ambitious course; for he was a timid quiet prince, though a pupil of St. Swithin, and of the still more warlike prelate, Alstan, Bishop of Sherborne. Ethelwulph married Osberge, the daughter of Oslac, the king's cup-bearer, a descendant of the chief who obtained the Isle of Wight, in the line of Cerdic; and in 849 that lady, at Wantage, in Berks, bore him Alfred the Great, after having had three elder sons. It was within a very few years of this period that the Danes, or Northmen, first ventured to winter on our coast; for hitherto their piratical expeditions always terminated by their returning home in autumn. In 852 these depredators entered the Thames with 350 ships, plundered Canterbury and London, and marched into Mercia, where they defeated its king Bertholf, the last monarch but one of that kingdom. They then turned southward, and entered Surry; but here, at Aclea, a field of oaks, fortune forsook them, and they were routed with dreadful slaughter by Ethelwulph and his son Ethelbald.

The Vikings appeared again in Thanet, in 853, slew the leaders of Kent and Surry, Ealhere and Huda, and obtained an obstinately contested victory. In this year Alfred, being five years of age, was sent by his father to Rome, accompanied by a large train of nobles and others. Indeed, visits to Rome were frequent at this period. Ethelwulph went thither himself in 855, taking his favourite child Alfred with him; and St. Neot, his son or brother, made no fewer than seven journeys to the Roman capital. It was at this period that the king, with the sanction of his Witeas gemot, made that donation to the church which is usually construed to be the grant of its tithes. But, (says Mr. Turner,) on reading carefully the obscure words of the three copies of this charter, which three succeeding chroniclers have left us, it will appear that it cannot have been the original grant of the tithes of all England. These words imply either that it was a liberation of the land of which the clergy had before been in possession, from all the services and payments to which the Anglo-Saxon lands were generally liable, or a bottle of good wine, for which I was charged, having made no previous bargain, four francs a head."

that it was an additional gift of land, not of tithes, either of the king's private patrimony, or of some other which is not explained. The reason for the gift, which is added in the charter, strengthens the first supposition; but the terms used to express the persons to whom the benefit was granted, seem to confine it to monastical persons. But whatever was its original meaning, the clergy in after ages interpreted it to mean a distinct and formal grant of the tithes of the whole kingdom. This is a curious subject, and the clergy seem to have done what all classes of men are apt to do who have obtained grants by deeds, viz. try to extend its meaning to the utmost for their own benefit.

Ethelwulf, on his journey to Italy, passed through France, where he was liberally entertained by Charles, the French king, whose daughter Judith he married on his return, though then an old man. His presents to the Pope were very splendid. A crown of pure gold, weighing 4lb., two golden vessels called banas, a sword adorned with pure gold, two golden images, four Saxon dishes of silver gilt, besides valuable dresses, are enumerated by his contemporary Anastasius, in his *Bibliothecarius de vitis Pontif.* But one act which he did at Rome is worth all the rest. He saw that the public penitents and exiles were bound with iron, and he obtained an order from the Pope, that no Englishman out of his country should be put into bonds for penance.

To Judith, the queen of Ethelwulf, the country was indebted for more important services than usually belong to a step-dame's character; for it was she who began the education of Alfred, and implanted in him all his literary taste. But political events of great moment also followed the return of Ethelwulf. The sceptre of Wessex was wrested from his hand by his son Ethelbald, jealous of the partiality shown towards his younger brother, whom Ethelwulf had procured to be anointed and crowned by the Pope, while yet but a child. In five years, i. e. in 860, Ethelbert, his father and brother having both died, succeeded to the united provinces of Wessex, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; and at this era the northern Vikings again invaded England, and destroyed Winchester; but chased in their retreat by the earls of Hampshire and Berkshire, they ascended the Seine in 300 vessels, and obtained money from king Charles as the price of their forbearance to plunder. Winter forbidding their return, they settled along the river and adjacent shores, and obliged the Flemings to build those castles and fortified places for their defence, which have ever since formed so memorable a feature in the wars of Europe. In 864 they wintered in Thamer, and in 866 Ethelbert died, after a short reign of six years. Ethelred, the third son of Ethelwulf, succeeded, and the death of the renowned Ragnar Lodbrok, in prison in Northumbria, at this period, was pregnant with terrible consequences to England. The sons of that mighty pirate laid aside their hostilities as sea-kings, and formed a league to avenge his fall. Jutes, Swedes,

Norwegians, Danes, Russians, and other northmen flocked to their standard, and an expedition, led by eight kings and twenty earls (all under Halfden, Ingvar, and Hubba or Ubbo, three of Ragnar's sons) rushed to the invasion of Northumbria; but either through design or error, passed that coast and anchored off East Anglia. They wintered in quiet, but next year, 867, ravaged Yorkshire and all the country to the Tyne. Osbert and Ella, the chiefs of Northumbria, were routed, and the sons of Ragnar inflicted an inhuman measure of retaliation on the latter for their father's sufferings. They divided his back, spread his ribs into the figure of an eagle, and agonized his lacerated flesh by the addition of the saline stimulant. Thus Northumbria ceased to be an Anglo-Saxon kingdom; a fate deserved by a century of revolutionary and bloody struggles for royal power, during which usurper murdered usurper, and a crowd of ghastly monarchs, like those in the vision of Macbeth, passed from the throne to the sepulchre, and hecatombs of their subjects were sacrificed. In 876, Ingvar, the Dane, assumed the sceptre of Northumbria from the Humber to the Tyne. At present we have not room for any of the details of their barbarities in over-running East Anglia and murdering its king, St. Edmund; nor in attacking Wessex, and the consequent death of king Ethelred. We may probably be induced, in a future Number, to transcribe Ingulph's account of these atrocities, but having now arrived at the year 870—1, the accession of the glorious Alfred, it affords a convenient opportunity for concluding this sketch.

Wine and Walnuts.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

CHAPTER XI.

Sir Hans Sloane and the Gladiators.

I remember Dr. Arbuthnot once calling upon me late at night, to make an appointment for the next morning to Bloomsbury-square. "I will be with you at eleven," said the doctor, "and take you up. Sir Hans has invited a select party to examine the structure of the heads of some of Fig's gladiators. He desired me to let you into the secret. Fig has promised on the word of a gentleman, to bring the myrmidons; but they are slippery fellows. I would give ten pounds to see the *she-devils*, said the doctor, alluding to the female wretches that fought with swords upon Fig's stage, and hacked and cut each other with infernal vengeance. "I hear they are expected, and that Roubilinc has engaged to take their masks for Sir Hans's museum. O rare!" said the doctor, "and I have won a magnum bonum of Monsey—so much for his whimsical systems. I can trust you, friend Zachary," said he; "Monsey would wager with me that the Cornish man would vanquish Broughton." "For why?" said I. "O! I know it by his ear," said he; "a man with such an ear may be bored down by main strength; he may be beaten to death, and consequently

vanquished, that I admit," said he, in his usual way; "but never will such a man with such an ear, cry, 'hold, enough!'"

"I wonder," added the doctor, "how a man of Monsey's parts can be misled by the visionary ravings of such an ass as that mountain of wig, old It was but lately I prevented his falling into a snare of that right noble jack-pudding's, the Duke of Montagu; and but for me and Chiselden he would have outed with a learned treatise upon Mother Tofts, the rabbit-breeder of Godalming.—Verily, I'll tickle him for this," said the lively doctor, as he stepped after me into his carriage; "'twill be a charity. Yes, I will be his priest, and give him a pious exhorting for his sins."

"As we entered the hall of Sir Hans," said my uncle, "we met Dr. Cheyne, talking with three or four fellows, the most forbidding visaged ruffians that terror itself could imagine. They looked ferocious, wild, and suspicious, as though they repented of their *condescension* in obeying the summons of Fig their chief. But the love of money, (and they were to be well paid) induced them to remain. One of the men servants was sent to recruit their spirits with a bumper of coniac, to fit them for the review. Never did audacious culprits seem more chop-fallen and abashed," said uncle Zachary, "on beholding the judges arranged in terrible show, than did these hectoring bravos, as they awkwardly bowed when they entered the drawing room in the presence of this learned, grave looking coterie, seated beneath their ponderous wigs. Arbuthnot whispered, this is the triumph of wisdom over strength, of spirit over matter, friend Zachary; an apothecary's boy would scare them to death with a half pint syringe."

Dr. Monsey endeavoured to coax them into something like humanity. Cheyne was ready to laugh at their uncouthness. "Let me feel your head, mon," said he. Sutton advanced, when the good humoured Scot said, with such original drolery, "I'll not hurt the hair of your head, mon," that the ruffian relaxed his grim muscles into a smile: he was bald as a new born babe.

"Cheyne is the man to manage them," said Arbuthnot, slyly to Monsey; "he does not take the science by the ear."

Sir Hans smiled, and shook his head; "he had the most venerable philosophic countenance," said my uncle; "and the suavity of his manners corresponded with his look." He enjoyed the wit and playful railery of Arbuthnot. "Come, come, Doctor," said he, "be careful how you direct your shafts at Monsey, or they may glance perchance on another." The truth is, Sir Hans was apt to be fanciful in his physiological speculations, and had been an ally with Monsey touching the mistake of the boxer's ear.

"Arbuthnot generally casts two stones at one jerk of his satirical sling," said Cheyne. "But what sin has Monsey been perpetrating against thy orthodoxy, brother Arbuthnot?" "Why," said the lively physician, "I must refer you to the unsophisticated argument of Broughton's fist." "That

savours of a pun, mon," said Cheyne, "and one of the unhappiest that ever struggled still-born from the womb of thy wit." "Yet not quite so bad," replied Arbuthnot, who was ever superior to his compeers in the retort courteous—"not quite so bad as thy hypothesis, brother Monsey, (taking the worthy Doctor by the hand, and shaking it most cordially the while he spoke,) which Broughton knocked on the head with thy Cornish hero, with the same blow."

"It was with this kind of good humoured badinage these distinguished geniuses were accustomed to end their scientific differences," said my uncle Zachary: and then he would apostrophize them, and add, "Ah! who but must venerate their honoured dust!"

"But this good humoured railery did not terminate without another playful hit at Monsey," said my uncle Zachary. "Sir Hans had invited Hogarth to be of the party, Chiselden requested him to oblige him with a sketch of Fig, to place in his book of comparative anatomy. Broughton he had already drawn at a former meeting, for the same purpose. The painter just then made his appearance."

"Sir Hans opened a ponderous interleaved folio, to seek for a head among the Roman tyrants," said my uncle, "which he declared to be cast in the same mould with Fig. Among the collection, which was multifarious, was a masque of one of the furies, engraved by Mark Antonio from the antique. It was a most fiend-like visage, and made Cheyne exclaim in a long expiration, feugh! O!s my life, Sir Hans Sloane, ken ye not what we're told of. Eachylus, in that infernal phiz, as how his furies made the shrieking Greek women to miscarry, and frightened the squalling bairns to death! Never by my faith, till this blessed moment, did I give credence to that story."

Cheyne, full of his subject, turned to Hogarth, saying, "I'm glad ye are come," then tracing the outline of the mask, with a flourish of his fat fingers, went on—"Look upon it, Willy, you clever rogue, you will never fetch a scheme like that from the life, unless you go farther for it, gude mon! than holy Heaven, I hope, will ever send ye."

Hogarth quietly unrolled a paper, and laid it on the folio. The party were astonished. It was a head indeed—a sister fury. "Ah!" said Cheyne, "the Lord preserve us mon, where have ye been raking for this imp of black perdition?" "From the fiery regions of Sir Hans Sloane's kitchen," said the painter; and thereby hangs a tale, which thou mayest see, gentle reader, in my next chapter.

Hogarth remembered his promise to Chiselden; and Sir Hans gave him his red-morocco paper case, laid him a pencil and pen-knife, and begged him to sit at his desk. "He had the manners of the court of Louis the Fourteenth," said my uncle Zachary. Hogarth smiling, bowed to the worthy knight, and observed, "Your courtesy, Sir Hans, would better suit a better genius; I am not often accomplished thus. My portfolio and desk are frequently contained in my glove." This alluded, said my uncle,

to his sometimes sketching a character on his finger nails.

Whilst he sketched Fig, who was bare headed, said my uncle, Monsey held the gladiator's wig upon his cane. "Come," said Cheyne, to Chiselden, who could use his pencil, "come, try your talent, mon, and give friend Hogarth a remuneration in kind, for his Essay on Perri-wigs. We ken a doctor's pate full well you see, by his hairy thatching; a bishop, judge, and a crew of other liege subjects of King George, the Lord defend him! but who could e'er divine this little scratch covered the cranium of the mighty Fig?"

Hogarth hit him off before Chiselden had accomplished his attempt at the wig; he had rubbed and corrected a hundred times, when Hogarth, taking his pencil case, archly observed, "it only wants a few of my anatomical touches."

Monsey began a lecture on the sketch—"How wondrous is the imagination; I see the gladiator, by association in that wig," said he, "done nearer to the life than in a thousand portraits."

"Give him the portrait, Willy, if thou lov'st me," said Cheyne, "and I will write a dedication." Hogarth consented, and Cheyne inscribed beneath with his pencil.—

To my learned friend, Dr. Messenger Monsey, this:

Doctor behold this wig,

(And let its wearer pass

With face of brass);

It fits the skull of Fig.

'Tis his, even to a hair;

His lug touch not good friend,

'Twill burn your fingers' end,

So Monsey have a care!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILOLOGY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—I cannot help thinking the speculations of M. Galiffe on the origin and language of ancient Rome as fanciful as they are judicious. I fully coincide with that gentleman's opinion, that Rome was not founded by Italians; for as he observes, it is most improbable that one of their colonies should have departed from their general rule of building on mountains, and have formed a settlement on a low hill surrounded by marshes; which we have classical authority for believing must have been at all times subject to the same physical curse, the *Malaria* that now affects the modern city. The most natural inference to be drawn is, that some adventurers, or a body of warriors, as M. Galiffe calls them (their early history certainly indicates them to have been of a warlike tribe) "who had escaped by sea from some great national disaster, landed near the spot where Rome now stands, and encamped on one of its hills, not as a matter of free choice, but because it was the first place that they found convenient for their purpose."

Having asserted thus much, which every body must allow to be consistent with reason and judgment, Mr. Galiffe proceeds to point

out the original nation of these warriors in a manner which induces me to consider his arguments as far from true, and fanciful in the extreme.

Conjectural etymology, than which no mode of reasoning is in general more delusive, is the system on which Mr. Galiffe has raised his most sanguine hopes.

It is universally true, that new settlers must mix their language with that of the natives; and as new nations are introduced and adopted, one language is formed between them. Suppose then the Latin tongue to have been thus created, and as we find it only used in the capital of Italy, it is clear that at first it was only formed by the union and connection with the founders of that capital and their nearest neighbours, whom they reduced to subjection. Consequently as the Romans extended their conquests, their language was adopted by the conquered, till various dialects thus forming themselves, the pure and original tongue of either, was lost. So difficult must it be to discover which of the two was the original, that I cannot conceive Mr. Galiffe's hypothesis, (of assigning it to the Russian because a resemblance between that language and the Latin is perceptible,) in any other point of view than highly conjectural.

I consider the affinity he has clearly shown to exist between those tongues, to be of infinite value; not that it corroborates or confirms the one to be the origin of the other, but because it is an additional proof of the indisputable fact, that as all nations are descended from one grand parent, so are all languages derived from one primal root, only varied, at the confusion of Babel, in the mode of its pronunciation: in other words, as Mr. Bryant judiciously expresses himself, a confusion of the lip, or a labial failure, not an alteration of language, took place on that catastrophe.

Who would have imagined the Irish characters to be the same with those of Thibet or India? It is a remarkable fact, that Col. Grant was alone enabled to decipher the Thibetian characters on the celebrated Siberian medal preserved in the museum at St. Petersburg, by his knowledge of the Irish tongue. By the medium of a language as strange and as unexpected, may not Roman remains be interpreted?

Mr. Galiffe's conjectures therefore open a new field of inquiry to antiquaries, by which they may discover the meaning of some of the oldest monuments of Rome, as suggested by the writer of an article inserted in your Literary Gazette (No. 192) signed "A Conjecturer." I am, however, much more inclined to believe, that were a trial made on the *Sanscrit* the truth might be elicited.

Considering Mr. Galiffe's speculations in this point of view they may be useful; but to believe it confirmed that the Russian language is really the origin of the Latin, I cannot consent. As the observations of Sir W. Jones and Mr. Halhed on the *Sanscrit* language, (the former the most profound linguist that ever lived, and few persons have perused and analyzed more oriental volumes than the latter), may not be deemed of little

importance as to the true origin of the Latin, I beg leave to insert them at length:

"The Sanscrit language," says Sir William Jones, "whatever be its antiquity, is of a wonderful structure: more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either, yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs and in the forms of grammar, than could possibly have been produced by accident: so strong indeed, that no philologist could examine them all three, without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which perhaps no longer exists: there is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the Gothic and the Celtic, though blended with a very different idiom, had the same origin with the Sanscrit; and the old Persian might be added to the same family."

"The characters in which the languages of India were originally written are called Nagari, from Nagara a city, with the word Deva sometimes prefixed, because they are believed to have been taught by the divinity himself, who prescribed the artificial order of them in a voice from heaven. These letters, with no greater variation in their form, by the change of a straight line to curves, or conversely, than the Cutick alphabet has received in its way to India, are still adopted in more than twenty kingdoms and states, from the borders of Cushgar and Khoten to Rama's Bridge, and from the Sindhu to the river of Siam: nor can I help believing, although the polished and elegant Devanagari may not be so ancient as the monumental characters in the caverns of Jarasandha, that the square Chaldaick letters in which most Hebrew books are copied, were originally the same, or derived from the same prototype both with the Indian and Arabian characters: that the Phœnician, from which the Greek and Roman alphabets were formed by various changes and inversions, had a similar origin there can be but little doubt."—Page 26, 1 vol. Asiatic Researches.

Mr. Halhed, in his preface to his grammar, considers that the Sanscrit was current not only over all India in its widest extent, but over all the oriental world; and that traces of it may be discovered in almost every region of Asia. He was astonished to find "the similitude of Sanscrit words with those of Persian and Arabic, and even of Latin and Greek, and that not in technical and metaphorical terms, which the mutation of refined arts and improved manners might have occasionally introduced, but in the ground-work of language in monosyllables, in the names of numbers, and the appellations of such things as would be first discriminated on the immediate dawn of civilization."—Page 3, Halhed's Grammar of the Bengal Language.

"If the Tartars," says Sir William Jones, as we have every reason to believe, had no written memorials, it cannot be thought wonderful that their languages, like those of America, should have been in perpetual fluctuation, and that more than fifty dialects, as Hyde had been credibly informed, should be spoken between Moscow and China, by

the many kindred tribes or their several branches. What those dialects are, and whether they really sprang from a common stock, we shall probably learn from many indefatigable men employed by the Russian court; and it is from the Russians we must expect the most accurate information concerning their Asiatic subjects. I persuade myself that if their inquiries be judiciously made and sufficiently reported, the result of them will prove that all languages properly Tartarean arose from one common source."

M. Galiffe perhaps could inform us what success the Russian court has made in this inquiry: it certainly does appear, as Sir William Jones judiciously remarks, that all languages properly Tartarean arose from one common source, as the Sanscrit and Hebrew: if this be true, there will be very little difficulty in accounting for the affinity between the Russian and Latin. Yet, since this affinity appears, no authority can be adduced in order to affirm the one springing out of the other, or that Russian is the original language of the founders of Rome.

In my humble judgment, therefore, I am of the same opinion with those who assert the Latin to be derived from the same source with the Phœnician and Greek. Diodorus Siculus ascribes the invention of letters to the Syrians, that term being understood to include Chaldea and Assyria. The oldest Syrian and Phœnician letters are allowed to have been the same. The Phœnicians afterwards emigrating under Cadmus, carried letters into Greece; and the striking resemblance both in form, sound, and arrangement, of the latter with the former, indubitably establishes their origin. From Greece the Pelagic colonies carried the Cadmean letters into Italy, evidenced also by the same circumstances of fabrication, arrangement, and sound.

As to their early stories of heroes and of fictitious warriors, the whole partakes so highly of the eastern allegory and fable, as to leave no room to doubt from whence they originated. If all their mythological tales, therefore, were to be analyzed, we should immediately discover the real characters so conspicuous in the early ages of mankind, shadowed out under pleasingly wrought fables, which the immediate preceding nations, the Egyptians and Grecians, taught the first inhabitants of Italy. I say then, if we examine every thing relative to the early establishment of the Roman nation, we shall not hesitate to pronounce it sprung direct from one of the first branches of the central country of mankind, and to renounce the idea of its having migrated, in a circular course, through those hyperborean regions, as Mr. Galiffe has laboured to establish.

If these reflections meet with your approbation, I am most happy in offering them to your notice. I am aware of being totally unworthy in point of composition of claiming your attention to these scattered remarks; but should they be honoured with an insertion in your truly excellent literary journal, which unites the "dulce et utile," I shall remain ever

Your constant reader,
W. V.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

We have at present very little to add upon this subject in the shape of narrative; but even a few gleanings and some observations may be acceptable.

It would appear from the hardihood with which our countrymen bore the excessive cold to which they were exposed, that a good deal of exaggeration must belong to the accounts previously given of the sufferings endured in frozen regions. We never read of human beings existing at 55° below Zero, at more than 12° below the point at which mercury becomes solid; nor, indeed, at any thing like that temperature, without experiencing far greater inconveniences than seem to have attended our navigators. Captain Sabine's servant, to be sure, lost most of his fingers; and we understand, that another man also was deprived of all the end joints of one hand; ulcers on the face were the effects of incautious exposure; but we hear of no such fatal accidents as are common even in Russia. Our brave fellows stood the extremest weather with mufflers up to their noses and warm caps descending to their eyes and covering their ears; and after a little experience of the climate, they avoided casualties by very simple means. The person bitten was himself unconscious of the attack; but each "looking in his neighbour's face" as they went, warned his companion when he saw his nose grow white in consequence of the frost. Turning from the wind, and a few minutes gentle friction with the hand, (or if very much injured with snow,) invariably restored the circulation, and the tone of the part; and unless allowed to go too far, no pain whatever was felt. But when seriously affected, the agony of restoring the circulation was dreadful.

Beer, wine, and spirits became ice; the beer was destroyed, but the wine and spirits were tolerably good when thawed.

The ship's timbers were of the temperature of the surrounding element, and wherever the iron bolts and fastenings ran through, they became studded with rosettes of transparent ice. The most comfortable sleep was obtained by converting the blankets into large bags drawn at the mouth. Into these the slumberer crept, and some comrade, who kept the watch, closed him in by pulling the strings.

The visit of the bear, which we have mentioned, was a grand event. He came smelling up to the Hecla, when Captain Parry got out his gunsmen to dispatch him. Owing to some misconception of their directions they fired in platoon, and only wounded the shaggy monster, who retired growling and bloody. But the sport consisted in the general chase given by the crews of both vessels, who ran

• Considering Mr. Galiffe's hypothesis as at least eminently curious, we challenged attention to it on reviewing his work; and it affords us pleasure to insert these sensible remarks of our anonymous correspondent. Not only letters, but history may be deeply indebted to philological researches of this nature.—ED.

after him two or three miles, till he secured himself by crossing some ice. This chase was famous fun for our jolly tars, and enlivened their spirits when below Zero.

We omitted the notice of one very material fact in our last; a fact, which may be considered the most important of any ascertained, in so far as relates to the prosecution of future inquiries in these seas. Throughout the year, the wind blows almost constantly, either from the North, or from Northern points of the compass. And as soon as the sun begins to produce an effect, a radiation of heat from the land ensues, which by the height of summer, July and August, becomes very powerful and active. The result of these two operations of nature, is the loosening and release of the ice on the Northern coasts; and its consequent driving towards the South. Thus, instead of the southern sides of bays, straits, and seas, where navigators would plausibly look for channels of open water (under the supposition that they would be most likely to be found in the milder latitude), it actually happens, that the openings exist on the northern sides, where the radiation of heat, aided by the prevailing north winds, detaches the frozen mass from the shore, and blowing it off, leaves a passage between the ice and the land. On their return up Lancaster's Sound, the expedition reaped the benefit of this discovery, sailing on the north-side while the south was completely blocked up. Vessels hereafter sent to explore the arctic regions will, of course, be guided with reference to this principle; and thus, we doubt not, be enabled to reach more distant points, if not to achieve the famed North-West passage. It has been suggested, that as Cook could not enter Behring's Straits, no other navigators could issue thence; and therefore, that though the Polar Sea was attained from Baffin's Bay, that sea must be the limit of the utmost voyage. For the above reasons, we are inclined to question this theory, and especially as Hearne and Mackenzie both speak of open sea on the northern coast of America, to which, supposing the Prince Regent's Inlet of Parry to lead, there will then be no impediment to a passage into the Pacific except in Behring's Straits themselves; and we see no reason for thinking that these, following the same rules as Lancaster's Sound, may not be as practicable as that Sound, has been ascertained to be, though till now held to be impassable.

We have not many other particulars to state. Captain Parry, when out from the ships for three weeks, went entirely across Melville Island, and beheld the sea on the other side. It is evident, that the icy ocean here contains a mighty archipelago of islands, of which Greenland is probably the greatest. When travelling on land, our gallant countrymen hunted, and rested in tents like those of hucksters at a village fair. They were formed of boarding-pikes, &c. and covered with sails and blankets. Sometimes they tried to eat the produce of their guns; but the foxes were very disgusting, and the musk-ox* resembled the toughest beef stewed

in a musk sauce. The cause of the foxes being so much more distasteful than we have been told they are about Spitzbergen is, we presume, the want of that abundance of food from the seal, morse, &c. which their species finds in the latter country.

During their perihelation, the Aurora Borealis was but once or twice slightly visible to the voyagers towards the north. Towards the south it was more vivid; but about the latitude of 60°, seems to be the seat of this phenomenon; and its appearance is not only much more brilliant from Newfoundland, but from the northern Scottish Isles, than from the Arctic Circle. Only one flash of lightning was observed by our sailors.

When the fine weather set in, several of the officers employed themselves in attempting to garden. Forcing under mats, as well as growing in the free air, was tried. One succeeded in getting peas to shoot up 8 or 10 inches; and these green stalks were the only green peas they devoured as vegetables. Radishes got to the second leaf on the soil of Melville Island. Onions and leeks refused to grow. In the ships small sallad was produced for invalids; happily, the scurvy never got the ascendancy.

Other officers were engaged in erecting monuments upon the heights to commemorate the extraordinary circumstances of the expedition. Huge cairns, by these means, crown the most obvious hills, and remain the rude but proud monuments of British daring, with inscriptions to tell the date, and inclosing bottles, in which the principal events of the voyage are written and sealed up.

It was on their way home, when far down Davis's Straits, that Captain Parry fell in with two families of Esquimaux, of whose residence he was apprized by a whaler. He accordingly visited them, and they in turn visited the ships. They betrayed none of the terror which filled the tribe seen by Captain Ross; but accepted the beads and knives presented to them with inconceivable joy. Indeed their raptures were so excessive, that it was with the utmost difficulty one of them could be made to sit still while his portrait was sketched. He was continually starting and jumping up, shouting augh! augh! and playing off the most violent contortions of joy; which were participated by his comrades, when they witnessed the picture. Several of the officers accompanied Captain Parry to their huts, where they saw their women and children. The former, instructed by their husbands, who had learnt it from the sailors on their visit to the ships the day before, ran out and shook hands with the strangers. There was one pretty looking girl of twelve or thirteen years of age. The children were horribly frightened, and roared lustily in spite of beads and toys. The whole number of natives was about twenty. They had probably seen or heard of Europeans before. No arms were observed among them; but one of the little boys had a miniature bow and arrow, which showed their acquaintance with this weapon. The skins of the animals they had killed seemed to be pierced with arrows as well as spears.

Taking leave of them about the end of the

first week in September, the expedition steered homeward. The ships were separated by a tempest, and the Griper waited seven days for the Hecla at the rendezvous in Shetland; but the latter suffered so much damage, as to be compelled to steer directly for Leith. They are now both at Deptford.

We hear that a vessel fit for the service has already gone into dock, to be made ready for another voyage of discovery next season.

Editorial.
Medicina perilis.
Salutem.

In ultima Britannorum expeditione adversus Pindarros, fertur milites quosdam agrotos, (ex agmine sub ductu Sir T. H. Strop) incidisse in remedium *peris* Adopere; maxime efficax; et quasi specificeum, papaveris Indici* grana. Anne species descripta, anne remedium universale, anne narratio ex omni parte vera? Tui observantissimus, X. Y.

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

The FREEDOM of the press—This invaluable blessing is not only theoretically advocated, but practically illustrated, by the generality of our newspapers. Take an example. The Literary Gazette of last Saturday contained some original accounts of the Arctic Expedition, and of Lord Byron's Tragedy, which have since occupied the pages of almost every print in the metropolis, and, as far as we have seen, in the country. We made no boast of the diligence or means through which we procured such articles, but it will readily be suggested to the public mind, that our work could hardly be furnished with its weekly contents without very considerable exertions in every way. It is therefore somewhat illiberal in journals, appearing only a few hours later, to transcribe into their pages, without acknowledgment, and as *their own*, what has cost us no small pains and expence to obtain. It is almost a scandal to a paper like Bell's Sunday Messenger, for instance, to introduce its copy of *our* northern communication with "desirous to supply as much intelligence as *we* could obtain on the subject of this interesting expedition, *we* have," &c. and its transcript of our account of Faleri, with "the tragedy about to be published by Lord Byron naturally excites a degree of expectation and curiosity commensurate with the fame of the author; and *we* have endeavoured in some measure to gratify this feeling;" and "with this view, referring to several works, *we* found that Sismondi," &c. Now all these assertions are essentially falsehoods, for it was not Mr. Bell's *we*, but *we* of the Literary Gazette, who supplied the intelligence and endeavoured to gratify the public feeling, and waded through many volumes to accomplish that wish. Yet Mr. Bell's *we* wear a black patch on their foreheads, to distinguish themselves from pilferers and imitators; and they have complained lustily against frauds and

* Qu. Jujubes.—Ed.

* We have tasted a morsel of this curion: it is abominable.—Ed.

impositions of this sort. It was natural, therefore, to expect more just behaviour in them, than in the Observer, whose avowed principle is, get where and how you can, *per fas aut nefas*; or the Herald, which robs us even of our Wine and Walnuts, without allowing us our desert, though these papers were announced as book copyright intended for separate publication; or, indeed, most of the other periodical prints, which on their modest faces entitle themselves to all our dearest labours, though at no trouble beyond sending one of their devils, and six-pence halfpenny (trade price), to our office No. 362, in the Strand. This is part of the freedom of the press, which we call on our contemporaries to abridge. The editorial *We*, though convenient and extensive in its peculiar circle, does not of right belong to a congeries of circles; and we protest against being *we-ed* out after this fashion. Especially, as we have some opinion of his honesty, do we call on Mr. Bell, as he values his Sunday reputation, to abstain from these unconfessed sins and trespasses against us; otherwise he will stain his black-browed honours, and seem no better than other knaves, who make the liberty of the press consist in a constant breach of the eighth, and an everlasting oblivion of the tenth commandment (not to mention the fourth, upon the direct contravention of which our sabbath-breaking brethren live and fatten).

CURIOUS MANUSCRIPTS IN THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY AT VIENNA.

I have visited, (says a traveller), the Imperial Library at Vienna, where I have seen many curious manuscripts, for instance:

1. *Senatus Consultus de Bacchanalibus coecondis*. An ordinance of the police, on a metal plate, relative to the prohibition of the Bacchanalia, written and hung up in Rome, in the year of the city 567; that is, 186 years before the birth of Christ.

2. The Map of the Itinerary of Theodosius the Great, on parchment; of the fourth century: the whole of the known world is represented upon it, stretched out like a long zone. They had not, at that time, the slightest notion of the true position of countries: the Mediterranean Sea is drawn like a parrow river, and Italy like a thin stripe. The far more correct notions of the Greeks in earlier times were wholly forgotten at this barbarous period.—N. B. Pompeii and Herculaneum are marked on this map.

3. Twenty-six quarto leaves of parchment of the first Book of Moses, adorned with many pictures. Written in large letters, in the Greek language; of the fourth century.

4. Latin fragments of the four Evangelists; of the fourth century.

5. Herbarium of Dioscoridis, in Greek, on parchment, with coloured plants; of the fifth century. The plants (excepting the want of shade) are well and elegantly designed. The learned Hungarian, Angerius Busbeck, who was internuncio (or envoy) at Constantinople for the Emperor Ferdinand I., brought this book to Vienna in the tenth century.

6. The last five Books of Livy; of the fifth century.

7. Fragments of the Gospel of St. Luke; of the sixth century.

8. An *Horarium*, or Prayer-Book, which formerly belonged to Hildegard, consort of the Emperor Charlemagne, who died A. D. 783. The book is on parchment, with golden letters.

9. A parchment Codex, St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans, with Origen's Paraphrases; copied in the eighth century, by one Windhar, and, as the writer says in some Latin verses, corrected by the Emperor Charlemagne with his own hand. Here therefore I have seen the hand-writing of Charlemagne: if it is really his, he wrote a good hand.

10. Mexican Hieroglyphics, painted in Mexico, upon buck-leather, and presented by Ferdinand Cortez to the Emperor Charles V. These hieroglyphics are now as little understood as those of Egypt. Cortez thought they must be devilish emblems, or magic images. I have obtained an impression of them on copper. Humboldt has brought similar things with him, which he shewed me at Berlin in 1806.

11. An *Evangeliarium*, in golden letters, on parchment, with painted initial letters and five miniature pictures representing the lives of the evangelists, executed in the year 1368, by a priest of the name of John of Silesia. The cover is of wrought silver.

12. Two Prayer-Books of the 15th century, with many miniature paintings: they both belonged to Maria of Burgundy, consort of the Emperor Maximilian I. They were written and painted in Flanders.

The Imperial Library is large and handsome, like a lofty church with pillars. There are innumerable books bound in red morocco. There is a reading-room, but it is very small; nobody is permitted to go into the library, nor can any one take a book home with him.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Sir H. Davy was on Thursday elected president of the Royal Society, vacant by the death of Sir Joseph Banks.

The subject of the English poem for the Chancellor's third gold medal for the ensuing year is "*Evening*."—*Cam. Chron.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

IMPROMPTU.

On the congregation who visited St. Paul's with the Queen.

Away, ye democrats! now hide your heads;
Your tongues, against royalty be rais'd no more;
Own that it has accomplish'd this great end—
The sending those to church who never went before.

C. J. R.

Yorkshire, Nov. 21st.

Sir,—My London relation having thought proper to send you my letter, I have enclosed one of his, which you will perhaps think as

much too long as it was found too unreasonable by his country cousin.

London.

This morning I sent by the coach,

Your basket of various wants,

And trust that I shall not encroach,

By enclosing a shawl of your aunt's.

It was sent to be dy'd a deep blue,

But could not—you need not say why—

For the fact is (I only tell you)

'Twas too old and too shabby to dye.

I have put in some stockings to mend,

And beg you will get me a purse;

New wristband the shirts which I send,

Which for wearing are getting the worse.

Old Debby has plenty of time—

You're an excellent giver of hints,

Of garters I thought all the time,

When I got the white worsted at Flint's.

All your excellent pickles are done;

I am glad that the season draws near,

When you think 'of your dear absent one'

Who cannot partake of your cheer,

Except in the shape of goose-pie,

A turkey, or basket of game;

And such things as one cannot buy—

In London scarce known but by name—

Such as thick bottled-cream and spice-cake,

Your wine-sours, deliciously fine;

The sweetmeats they tell me you make;

Not to mention your gooseberry wine,

Which Sir Thomas, my intimate friend,

Protested, again and again,

(As he begg'd for some more I would send),

Was superior to any Champagne.

A pot of such raspberry jam

As your's, I have sought for in vain;

And sure such a nice little ham

I never shall meet with again,

As that which was sent by your ma:

Bless me! I had nearly forgot

To beg you will thank your papa,

For the couple of wild ducks he shot.

I should like you to get me a dog—

Perhaps you've a good one to spare;

You can send it by some stupid log,

That will bring it scot free; but take care

That he does not expect a spare bed;

I will give him a dinner or so—

I got nothing by harbouring Ned,

Some two or three winters ago.

There's a man that makes nice walking sticks,

It is not many miles from your farm;

I wish you'd ride over and fix

On one like my uncle's at Yarm.

And get me a skin nicely dress'd—

A sheep's, buck or doe's, I don't care,

For rugs they're decidedly best—

What I purchase in London soon wear.

For my time I have made you no charge,

Nor coach-hire for popping about;

But I'll not on such trifles enlarge—

You will pay me in some way no doubt.

Your papa may look out for a horse,

And consult me,—I must not pay dear;

He will think it no trouble, of course,

Remembering for what you send here.

C. E. A.

Epigram modernized.

To a deep scholar, said his wife,

"I wish I were a book, my life,

"On me you then might sometimes look.

"But I would be the very book,

"You would with greatest pleasure see:
 "Then, say what volume shall I be?"
 "An almanack," said he, "my dear;
 "You know we change them every year."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

LETTERS FROM A DISTINGUISHED PERSON-
 AGE.—LETTER II.

Sir,—In my last letter I pointed out a few of the distinguishing marks by which my followers will be able, in future, to trace in one another's features and conduct, their mutual relation to me, from their subservieny to the purposes I am supposed to have in view. This I did from no motives of vanity, (though few princes can boast of subjects so numerous as those who own my sway) as I am aware that the multitude of my disciples is best increased by the influence of silent unostentatious example. But in the present state of society, I have no fear that either reason or ridicule will materially lessen the number of those who act on my principles; and with just confidence in their leader, they may bid defiance to all that reason can urge, ridicule expose, or religion threaten. Besides, the display of preponderating force often supersedes the actual trial of strength; and though I should not decline the contest, yet perhaps the less that is said about the principles of those who oppose me, the better for my cause.

Though, from your intercourse with the world, Mr. Editor, you must have been long ago convinced, even though the clergy had been silent on my exploits, of the vast influence I possess over the minds and bodies of your race, yet perhaps it never entered into your mind over what immeasurable spaces, and by what countless millions, I am adored as a Divinity. Among the followers of Mahomet, and even in Europe, how few are there who conscientiously follow the tenets of the Koran, or the infinitely more important doctrines of the Bible! How few in comparison of those who bow their heads at my diversified shrines. Although no temples rise in your country in honour of my name, yet even there, never was Divinity so extensively worshipped; and the number of my followers in the very city of London, has proved to a certainty that the essentials of my worship may be continued from age to age, without the formality of legal establishment, or the sanction of a bench of bishops. Wherever human habitations exist, I am venerated and adored in a thousand forms. From India to Iceland,—from America to Europe—my votaries appear in numbers which almost darken conception. My rites are so simple, the duties I exact so accommodating to all that man fancies of pleasure, that in my system there is no need for bridles upon conduct nor restraints upon character. The European worships me in his exclusive pursuit of selfish and temporary interests; and the Indian "sees me in the whirlwind," and recognises me in the storm. How many myriads daily approach me in the temples of *Vanity*, bow down before me at

the altar of *Ambition*, and confess my power in the receptacles for the enjoyment of unhallowed *Pleasure*! By millions I am figured and revered as the goddess of *Fortune*; sought eagerly by crowds in the shape of *Fame*; and in all the courts of law in the world, I am pictured with balances under the form of *Justice*.

It is very well known that I am the patron of all those who hold opinions which tend to represent man as an automaton, and the world as a machine; but it is not equally notorious, that I give the chief impulse to those bodies, so numerous in every country, who substitute, by my means, their own morbid feelings for the simple precepts of what you call your Sacred Writings. I to them make melancholy and austerity appear the indubitable marks of devotion; animal feelings the substitute for reason; and the dreams of a distempered imagination the test of infallible truth. I prompt the spiritual delirium of those who assert that they are buffeted by me; and I dictate all those discourses which teach the doctrine (my own doctrine certainly) that faith and feeling are superior to reason and revelation. In one word, bigotry and intolerance are mine, whether they proceed from the establishment that raises the cry of "no popery," or the poor uneducated and blinded catholic, who trusts to the Viceroy of St. Peter for admission into the eternal happiness of an immortal spirit.

But to return from this digression, which may make many of my followers think I am turned monk, or methodist, I may observe, that one of my chief amusements is to preside over the ever-varying fashions of female attire. I taught the fairest part of your creation, when excess had tarnished the roses of their cheeks, to substitute, for the colour of health, artificial roses; for be it known, that *rouge* was first invented by me, to serve a few particular friends, who were anxious to retain the semblance of health and modesty, when the substance had departed from their cheeks for ever. I, in concert with a few devoted admirers, leaders of the fashions of Paris and London, shortened the petticoat, till it had almost ceased to afford the shade of a fig-leaf; and it was I (with the best intentions in the world you may presume) who first hinted, in an assembly of ladies, all my special acquaintances, that nature never meant their lovely necks and bosoms, or even any part of their bodies, to be concealed by unnecessary envelopes of silk, muslin, or lace; and I succeeded in convincing them, and the thousands who have since followed their example, that they might as well shroud their faces in handkerchiefs, as conceal a part of their form upon which nature had lavished so much beauty. So kindly were my hints taken, that, had it not been for the affected modesty of the other sex, and some ill-directed effusions of popular feeling, the ladies might, in spite of the climate, have carried their dress, or rather their undress, the length of complete nudity:

"—for loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

In concert with a fashionable French dress maker, I invented the gown with artificial bosoms, for ladies who are deficient in these becoming prominences;—gave the hint for cushions to assist the shape; for those who required bulk in a lower direction:—and invented a pad which, had it been generally adopted, would have made all the ladies in civilized Europe look as "ladies wish to be who love their lords." In short, all those pieces of dress which make the fair seem other than they really are, and are thus intended to deceive, are the fruit of my ingenuity, and meant to forward my purposes; and I hope you do not think it illogical in me to conclude, that those who adopt the deception assist me in my views. A plume of feathers at a midnight ball has waved more than one pretty lady into my hands; and the anxiety to display a new bonnet, spencer, or pelisse, has thrown thousands of the fair into my arms.

I need scarcely say that I am the inventor of all those delightful and interesting recreations, which my enemies have nicknamed gambling; that balls, routs, and assemblies, are modes in which my worshippers of a certain class pay their homage at my altars; and that I am the undisputed patron of all those unprejudiced fair ones, who, freed from the fetters with which virtue and religion have shackled their votaries, have, if your legends were true, ruined their present, and forfeited their future happiness.

The establishment of circulating libraries was also a suggestion of mine; and the information so liberally doled out to young masters and misses from these magazines of instruction, is quite to my taste. The imagination once inspired by passion, and the heart melted by love (and who would subscribe to a library that was not well stocked with tales of love?) my business is more than half done. If a Demon want a Phillis, I am not long in finding one to his mind; and if a disconsolate damsel is seized with a sighing for a favourite knight, I take care she shall not long sigh in vain. In fact, I know of no establishments where the knowledge of good and evil is more speedily and practically acquired.

To conclude, I am the patron of all nurses, tutors, and governesses—those necessary and useful classes of people, who so agreeably relieve parents of the charge of superintending their offspring, and of forming their minds for time and for eternity; for I look upon the sympathies of kindred as a narrow-minded prejudice, and the relations of life, except in so far as self-interest and pleasure are concerned, as little worthy of rigid observance. By the bye, I am not aware that your antiquaries know that the bear which suckled Romulus was really a woman, but metaphorically called a bear, because she was only his nurse, not his natural mother:—though I think I once hinted the circumstance nearly three hundred years ago, to Henry Stephens the printer.

I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

SATAN.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.—Pizarro was performed on Monday; Pizarro, Booth; Rolla, Wallack; and Alonzo, Cooper. The popular sentiment which gave éclat to this melo-drama at its origin, has long since subsided; and its intrinsic qualities are insufficient to support it during more than a very few nights in a season, even should it happen to be admirably cast throughout. In the present instance it was not so. Booth's Pizarro was suited to any *booth*; though we cannot say, that his playing was at all *fair*. Wallack's Rolla, lingered in all the early stages, but improved much towards the close; and he went through the impetuous scenes with uncommon fire and spirit. This confirms our opinion, that his forte is not the philosophical of Hamlet, nor the pathetic of any tragic hero; but the wild and fierce, which approaches the confines of Bandit chiefs, and of other parts requiring passionate action and energetic delineation. For these, his physical qualifications peculiarly fit him; and in such he must produce vivid effects. Cooper's Alonzo was of the middling order, like the character.

Justice, or the Caliph and the Cocker.—We can hardly do justice to this pseudo-musical drama, brought forth on Tuesday. With enough of interesting incident and situation, and enough of humour and equivocation, to constitute a very capital Entertainment, music, dance, procession, and the spinning out of the dialogue, serve only to stretch it out into the regular drama length of three acts, and mar what would otherwise have been exceedingly amusing. It seems as if a Farce had been at on the manager's bed of Procrustes, and dislocated into a first piece; and truly, the music is so bad that it may well pass for the groans and shrieks of the tortured patient. We think it evident, that these additions do not proceed from the pen of the original author, whoever he may be; for report ascribes the play variously to Mr. C. Dibdin, to Mr. Faucit a provincial manager, and to Mr. Jameson, brother to the gentleman who has written several successful dramatic works. The scene is laid in Bagdad. *Haroun Alraschid*, (Cooper,) in one of his nocturnal rambles, picks up a poor Cocker, called *Kaled*, (Harley,) who is denied his love *Mouset*, (M. Vestris,) by her father *Mustapha*, another Cocker, (Gattie,) because he is a foundling without relations; and also another subject, *Abdallah*, (Wallack,) the son of a quondam rich merchant, *Muley Hamet*, who is now impoverished, the victim of a conspiracy, and imprisoned in prison. It happens, that the conspirators are *Khaled Omin*, *Kayled Hassan*, (Williams and Bromley), &c.; and that the daughter of the former, *Selima*, (Miss Kelly,) is the constant love of Abdallah. The Caliph, with his vizier *Giaffer*, (Foote,) engages in the affairs of his two protégés, *Kaled* and *Abdallah*. The Cocker, he pretends to raise to high ministerial dignity, which procures him a multitude of relations and presents of great value. The young merchant's business

does not go on with so promising an aspect. *Selima* robs her father of the bond on which *Muley Hamet* is imprisoned; and though both *Abdallah* and his mother, *Zebudah*, (Mrs. Egerton,) reject the blessing dishonourably obtained, the son is arrested for the theft; and appearances are so unfavourable, that the Caliph condemns him. *Selima*, however, rushes in and confesses the crime; the conspiracy is unfolded, the worthy rewarded, and the unworthy doomed to punishment. The comic portion is smartly carried on by the Cocker and his connections; and the rejection of the bond by the honest family in their utmost wretchedness is a very good specimen of the pathetic. The trade of *Kaled* furnishes puns from the sole to the uppermost works; but the author has augmented the humour by several grotesque situations, and some very sprightly witticisms of a better order. A scene in which old *Mustapha* measures the new minister for slippers, is highly amusing. The performance was generally good on the first night. *Harley* was full of fun; and did not more than once or twice play the clown, as in sliding off the Ottoman, and descending to tricks of that sort. *Wallack* was impressive, and looked a handsome Mussulman. *Miss Kelly* was superbly dressed, and did the little she had to do admirably; and Mrs. Egerton seconded her exertions, as far as her slight character permitted. *Cooper* was beyond measure pompous and turgid in his Caliph. His declamation in your King *Cambyses* vein, was alike to the merry and the sad; and the sepulchral tones in which he addressed the Cocker, were quite absurd. To be sure, he had the majority of the clap-traps (with which the Drama was stuffed like plums in a pudding,) to deliver, and he meted them out with becoming formality. *M. Vestris* had but one scene to act in; and the other characters were of inferior consequence. The piece was altogether well received; and a smart Epilogue, pointedly spoken by *Miss Kelly*, confirmed the decision agreeably to justice. The scenery is pretty: the songs are miserable.—*et. gr.*

Chorus of Fishermen.

"Amen! and now our prayers are said,
Our prophet's blest ablutions made,
And in the wind our white sails set;
On board my hearts, and ply the oar,
Nor fear that heaven will bless our store,
All will be fish that comes to net."
The only comic song is the following, by *Kaled*.
Two clowns once disagreed,
A ploughman and a sawyer;
Both trudg'd away and fee'd,
Old Sly, the village Lawyer.
Quoth Sly, "Boys up your spirits pluck,
Here, make your whistles moister,
You're just in time to take pot luck;
Suppose we have an oyster."

Tol lol de rol, &c.

Away went law and strife,
Down sat each gaping catfish;
Sly takes his oyster knife
And opens a fine fat Native:
"Behold," quoth Sly, "what Law can do,
'Twill no injustice foster.
There's a shell for you, and a shell for you,
And I will eat the oyster." Tol lol, &c.

Last night I was attack'd,
And thump'd by drunken Sadi;
Says I, how shall I act?
I'll go and tell the Cadi;
"I'll seek the house where Justice dwells,
And trounce the swaggering royster."
But I thought of Sly and his couple of shells,
And resolv'd to keep my oyster.

Tol lol de rol, &c.

COVENT GARDEN.—The only novelty at this theatre has been the revival of *Catherine and Petrucchio*, the principals by Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble. Their performance challenges praise, but no criticism. The *Petrucchio* is the best we have seen on the stage; resembling in excellence the *Rob Roy* of Macready. It has all the refined roughness which the assumption of a temper not naturally belonging to the character of the person demands, and is as far removed from habitual vulgarity, as truth and discrimination can possibly dictate. The *Catherine* is portrayed with equal justice, haughty, rebellious, humbled, and rendered affectionate by feeling the predominance of a master spirit. A Mr. Vandenhoff is announced at this theatre. He is of provincial celebrity, and, we understand, a very powerful actor; rather inclining to draw a coarsely vigorous outline of his parts, than to mark them throughout with nicety of tact.

FOREIGN DRAMA.

The celebrated Oelenschläger, author of several much admired Tragedies, and other works, has just completed a new Tragedy, called *Erich and Abel*, which is expected to be shortly represented on the theatre at Copenhagen. A new Tragedy, called *Ezzelino*, written by Professor Kruse, was performed at Copenhagen on the 20th of November.

There has been a sort of O. P. tumult for several nights at the Paris Theatre Français, in consequence of an augmentation of the admission prices. The journals jested on the subject of the rioters bawling out "our six sous! our six sous!" when Joad the grand-priest, and Abner, the brave general of the Jews, were upon the stage; as if such petty coins were known in Jerusalem. The malcontents have however carried the point, and the prices have been reduced to the old standard.

There have also been some theatrical disturbances at Naples: the audience at the Grand Theatre turning *una mente*, their backs on the performers, and conversing together as if in a coffee-house.

VARIETIES.

The Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen passed through Troppau for Warsaw, (where he is to execute a monument to Prince Schwartzberg,) while the sovereigns were there, and was graciously noticed by the Emperor Francis. "Thus should desert in arts be crowned."

A letter from Cracow mentions that Catalani was present there at laying the

foundation stone of the monument in honour of Kosciusko, and subscribed half the produce of one of her concerts to this patriotic work.

Captain Freycinet, the French navigator, arrived at Havre on the 13th ult. from Rio Janeiro, whither he went after his wreck. The *Panthère* arrived on the same day at Bordeaux, from the Isle of Bourbon, with a collection of objects in natural history.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In reply to your correspondent's inquiry relative to the formation of pearls, please to receive the following account.

In the Portland Museum, sold by auction in 1786, was a large and fine specimen of the *Mytilus Plicatus* (Solander), a fresh water shell from China, each valve having a row of six pearls, all furnished with stalks, explaining an artifice made use of by the Chinese, in assisting nature in the formation of pearls, by fastening knotted wires on the inside of the shell, while the animal was living, which was afterwards replaced in the river or other place it was originally in, and in process of time, coated the wires over with the pearly substance of the shell. This specimen (M. P. 3910) was next in the collection of M. De Calonne, sold in London in 1797, and perhaps is now in the British Museum; but of this I am not certain.

I am, Sir,

Highbury Place, Yours respectfully,
Nov. 27, 1820. A. LINCOLN.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The celebrated French chemist, Mr. Gay-Lussac, is stated to have made a very valuable discovery of a means to render the most inflammable substances combustible without flame and without fire. These bodies are consumed without properly catching fire; or in other words, without feeding or propagating the fire. Muslin prepared after the process of the inventor, has been exposed to the flames, and was consumed without producing even a spark. This discovery, though now first publicly announced, is said not to be of recent date.

Periodical Literature.—One of our periodical contemporaries (by the bye we intend, some time or other, giving our readers an account of all the family of Journals, Chronicles, Talismans, Indicators, Honeycombs, Londoners, D'jeunés, Registers, &c. &c. of which the Literary Gazette has been the prolific source,) made us laugh at a genuine triple bull in one of his poetic effusions the other day. After narrating the death of the hero, he thus mentions his widow, who comes to hear a "dull-eared voice!"

Poor Mathews' wife, a sweet young village maid!

The same classic authority tells of a person who "thrust all his fingers into his mouth except his—thumb!"

The French National Almanach for 1821 has an epigraph to this effect—"France is the only country in the world which can claim the honour of having produced a celebrated personage on every day in the year!" What a trait of national character!

In a late Number, we noticed a super-scription so lucky as not to contain one letter of the name of the party to whom it was addressed. The same fate happened to the simple word "*usage*," at a village ale-house, where man and horse were assured of having it good: it was spelt "Yowsieh."

One of the performers of the Paris Académie Royale de Musique, lately absented himself without leave: on being remonstrated with on the folly of such conduct, he replied, "You are quite mistaken; a good musician always knows when to indulge in a *fugue*."

CANNIBALISM.

Mr. Leigh, a Missionary recently returned to England, relates the following story of Cannibalism, which occurred during his residence of six weeks at New Zealand. "One day, while Mr. Leigh was walking on the beach, conversing with a native chief, his attention was arrested by a great number of people on a neighbouring hill. He inquired the cause of such a concourse, and being told that they were roasting a lad, and had assembled to eat him, he immediately proceeded to the place, in order to ascertain the truth of this appalling relation. Being arrived at the village where the people were collected, he asked to see the boy. The natives appeared much agitated at his presence, and particularly at his request, as if conscious of their guilt; and it was only after a very urgent solicitation that they directed him towards a large fire at some distance, where they said he would find him. As he was going to this place he passed by the bloody spot on which the head of this unhappy victim had been cut off; and on approaching the fire, he was not a little startled at the sudden appearance of a savage looking man, of gigantic stature, entirely naked, and armed with an axe. Mr. Leigh, though somewhat intimidated, manifested no symptoms of fear, but boldly demanded to see the lad. The cook, for such was the occupation of this terrific monster, then held him up by his feet. He appeared to be about fourteen years of age, and was about half roasted. Mr. Leigh returned to the village, where he found several hundreds of the natives seated in a circle, with a quantity of coomery (a sort of sweet potatoe) before them, and waiting for the roasted body of the youth. In this company were shewn to him the parents of the child, expecting to share in the horrid feast. After reasoning with them for about half an hour on the inhumanity and wickedness of their conduct, he prevailed on them to give up the boy to be interred, and thus prevented them from consummating the most cruel, unnatural, and diabolical act of which human nature is capable."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Barry Cornwall, stimulated, we presume, by the recommendations of most of the critics upon his Dramatic Scenes, Marcian Colonna, &c. to direct his attention to the acting drama, for which his genius seemed to be so well suited, has, we learn with pleasure, finished a Tragedy entitled *Mirandola*, and

presented it for representation at Covent Garden. It would be injurious to say how highly report speaks of it. We hear of following tragedies by distinguished writers; but who will produce us that *rara avis*, a sterling comedy, in these dull times?

We noticed in some remarks on periodical publications in our number 200, the superior manner in which such works as the Monthly Magazines are now edited, to what they formerly were. A better proof of honourable rivalry in this respect can hardly be adduced, than by stating, that a gentleman of Mr. Thomas Campbell's talents and celebrity, has undertaken the editorship of one of these—the New Monthly.

We observe in the Newspapers, that Messrs. Colburn and Co. have reclaimed against a pretended publication of Lady Morgan's Italy, announced by Nicolle and Ladvocat, of Paris. They style it a gross imposition, and affirm that not a page of the MS. has yet left the Lady's hands.

Southey's Life of Nelson is among the latest Parisian translations from the English. The French writers call our hero the English Suffren.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER 1820.

Thursday, 23.—Thermometer from 40 to 47. Barometer from 29, 87 to 29, 69.

Wind E. b. S. 1.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear. Raining all the morning.

Rain fallen, .45 of an inch.

Friday, 24.—Thermometer from 22 to 43.

Barometer from 29, 88 to 29, 83.

Wind S. W. 4, and W. N. W. 4.—A white frost and fog in the morning, and generally cloudy with a little rain. A fine halo formed round the moon, at 6 o'clock this morning.

Rain fallen, .15 of an inch.

Saturday, 25.—Thermometer from 41 to 49.

Barometer stationary at 29, 76.

Wind S. E. 4.—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times.

Rain fallen, .05 of an inch.

Sunday, 26.—Thermometer from 39 to 52.

Barometer from 29, 94 to 30, 09.

Wind S. b. E. 1.—Clouds generally passing; sunshine at times.

Rain fallen, .15 of an inch.

Monday, 27.—Thermometer from 38 to 50.

Barometer from 30, 09 to 30, 15.

Wind S. b. S. 4.—Cloudy and clear alternately; the changes very rapid in the evening. The upper part of a halo round the moon, between 5 and 6 in the morning.

Tuesday, 28.—Thermometer from 34 to 47.

Barometer from 30, 25 to 30, 36.

Wind N. E. 1, and 4.—Generally cloudy.

Wednesday, 29.—Thermometer from 35 to 48.

Barometer from 30, 43 to 30, 46.

Wind N. E. 4.—Generally cloudy. Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Q. P. is widely mistaken in the gist of the letter he mentions: let him read with but common attention, and he will see that the most moral objects are pursued under an amusing disguise.

Our Paris Letter has not arrived this week.

A pressure of matter compels us to postpone notes on the Brazils, Count Golowchin's Letters, and many other articles of various descriptions.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

I.
NARRATIVE of the OPERATIONS and RECENT DISCOVERIES within the PYRAMIDS, TEMPLES, TOMBS, and EXCAVATIONS, in EGYPT and NUBIA; and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of the ancient Berenice, and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By G. BELZONI. 4to. with a portrait, 2l. 2s.

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FORTY-FOUR COLOURED PLATES, Illustrative of the Researches and Operations of G. BELZONI in EGYPT and NUBIA. Folio, 6l. 6s. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Important Works.

Recently published by Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London.

NOVELS and TALES of "The Author of Waverley," comprising Waverley, Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, Rob Roy, Tales of my Landlord, First, Second, and Third Series; with a copious Glossary, 12 vols. 8vo. 7l. 4s.

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London: Printed for the Proprietors, by W. POPLÉ, 67, Chancery Lane: Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCRIPPS, at the Literary Gazette Office, 36, (Exeter Change) Strand, where Communications, (post paid) are requested to be addressed to the Editor.